





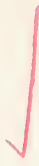
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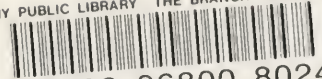
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"WHAT THE CHILD IMITATES, HE BEGINS TO UNDERSTAND." — Froebel



Poulsson

# FINGER PLAYS

## FOR NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN



*Music By*  
CORNELIA C. ROESKE

*Illustrations By* L. J. BRIDGMAN

LOTHROP, LEE AND SHEPARD CO.

**FINGER PLAYS.**

TRADE-MARK

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## PREFACE.

“WHAT the child imitates,” says Froebel, “he begins to understand. Let him represent the flying of birds and he enters partially into the life of birds. Let him imitate the rapid motion of fishes in the water and his sympathy with fishes is quickened. Let him reproduce the activities of farmer, miller and baker, and his eyes open to the meaning of their work. In one word let him reflect in his play the varied aspects of life and his thought will begin to grapple with their significance.”

In all times and among all nations, finger-plays have been a delight of childhood. Countless babies have laughed and crowed over “Pat-a-cake” and other performances of the soft little hands; while children of whatever age never fail to find amusement in playing

“Here is the church,  
And here’s the steeple,  
Open the doors,  
And here are the people!”

and others as well known.

Yet it is not solely upon the pleasure derived from them, that finger-plays depend for their *raison d’etre*. By their judicious and early use, the development of strength and flexibility in the tiny lax fingers may be assisted, and dormant thought may receive its first awakening call through the motions which interpret as well as illustrate the phase of life or activity presented by the words.

The eighteen finger-plays contained in this book have already, through publication in *BABYLAND*, been introduced to their especial public, and have been much used in homes, though perhaps more in kindergartens. It will readily be seen that while some of the plays are for the babies in the nursery, others are more suitable for older children.

A baby-friend, ten months old, plays “All for Baby” throughout, pounding and clapping gleefully with all his might—while children seven or eight years of age play and sing “The Caterpillar,” “How the Corn Grew” and others with very evident enjoyment.

## PREFACE.

With a little study of the charming and expressive pictures with which the artist, Mr. L. J. Bridgman, has so sympathetically illustrated the rhymes, mothers and kindergartners have easily understood what motions were intended. To elucidate still farther, however, the playing of "The Merry Little Men" may be thus described:

During the singing of the first verse, the children look about in every direction for the "little men," but keep the hands hidden. At the beginning of the second verse, raise both hands to full view with fingers outspread and quiet. At the words, "The first to come," etc., let the thumbs be shown alone, then the others as named in turn, till all are again outspread as at the beginning of the second verse. In the last verse the arms are moved from side to side, hands being raised and fingers fluttering nimbly all the time. When displaying the "busy little men," raise the hands as high as possible.

The music, composed by Miss Cornelia C. Roeske, will be found melodious and attractive and especially suited to the voices and abilities of the very young children for whom it is chiefly intended.

The harmonic arrangement is also purposely simple in consideration of the many mothers and kindergartners who cannot devote time to preparatory practice.

EMILIE POULSSON.

*Boston, 1889.*

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DEDICATED  
TO  
LITTLE CHILDREN

AT HOME AND IN KINDERGARTEN

*BY THEIR FRIEND,*

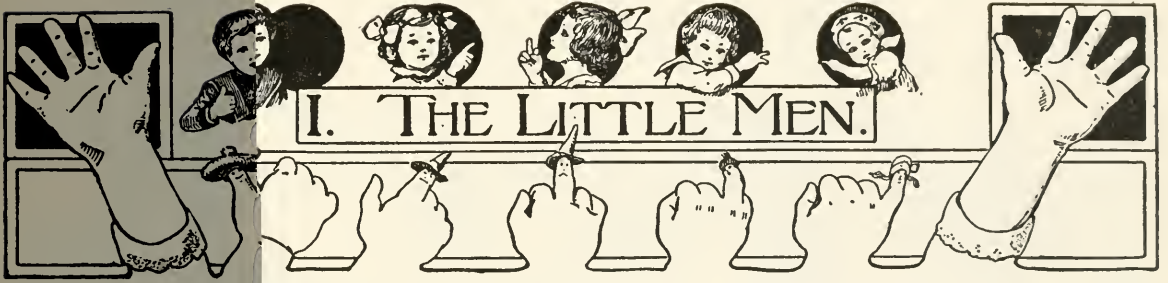
EMILIE POULSSON.

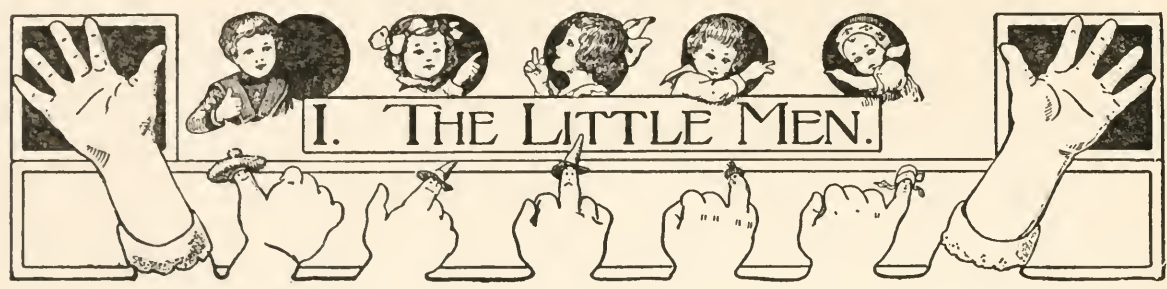




FINGER PLAYS  
FOR NURSERY AND KINDERGARTEN





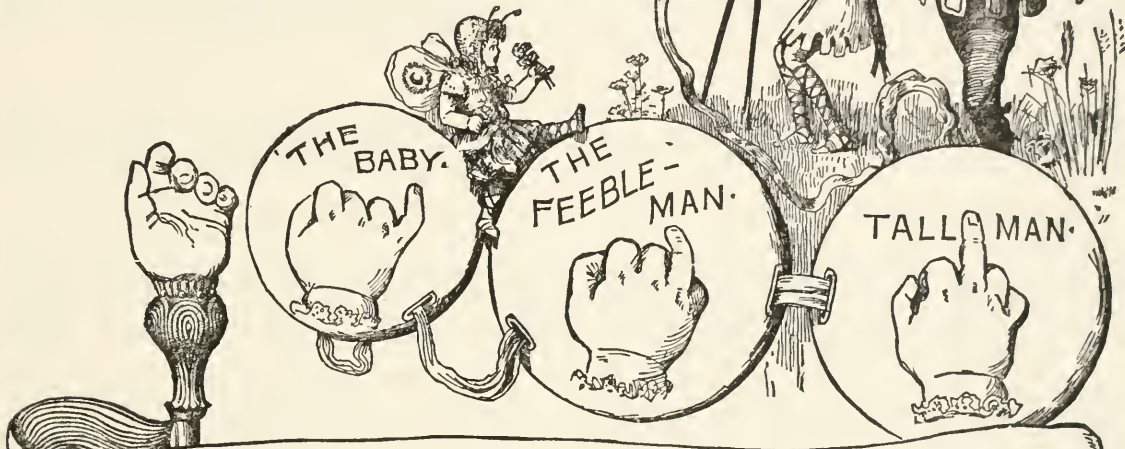


Oh! where are the merry, merry Little Men  
 To join us in our play?  
 And where are the busy, busy Little Men  
 To help us work to-day?

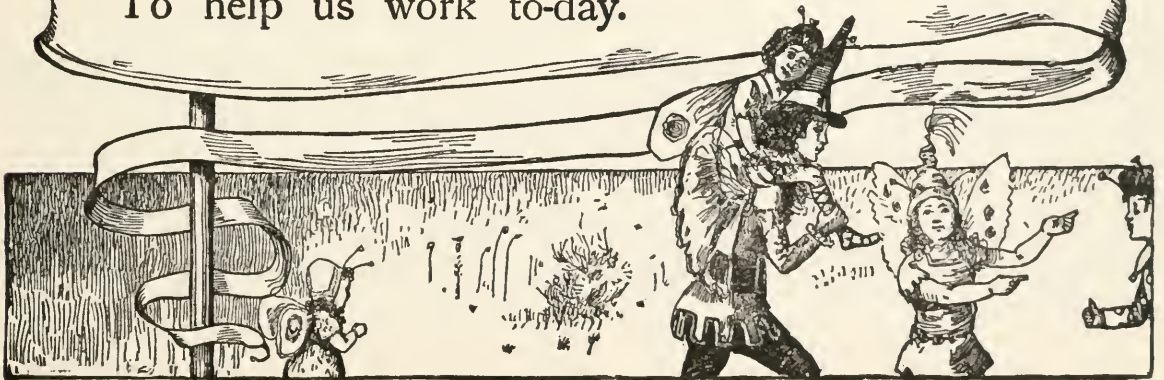


Upon each hand  
 A little band  
 For work or play is ready.  
 The first to come  
 Is Master Thumb;  
 Then Pointer, strong and steady;

Then Tall Man high;  
 And just close by  
 The Feeble Man doth linger;  
 And last of all,  
 So fair and small,  
 The baby — Little Finger.



Yes! here are the merry, merry Little Men  
 To join us in our play;  
 And here are the busy, busy Little Men  
 To help us work to-day.



# THE MERRY LITTLE MEN.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

Oh! where are the mer - ry,

mer - ry Lit - tle Men To join us in our play? And where are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To

help us work to - day? Up - on each hand a lit - tle band For work or play is

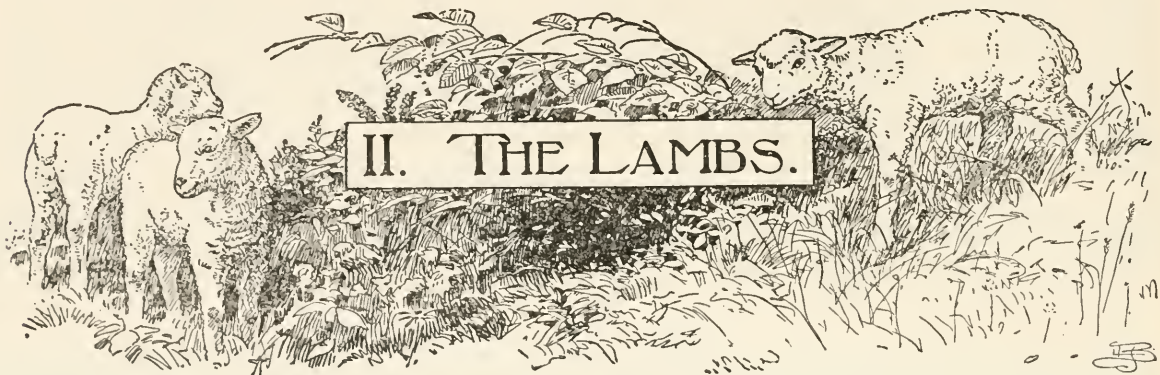
THE MERRY LITTLE MEN.

read - y. The first to come Is Mas - ter Thumb; Then Pointer, strong and stead - y; Then

Tall Man high; And just close by The Fee - ble Man doth lin - ger; And last of all, So

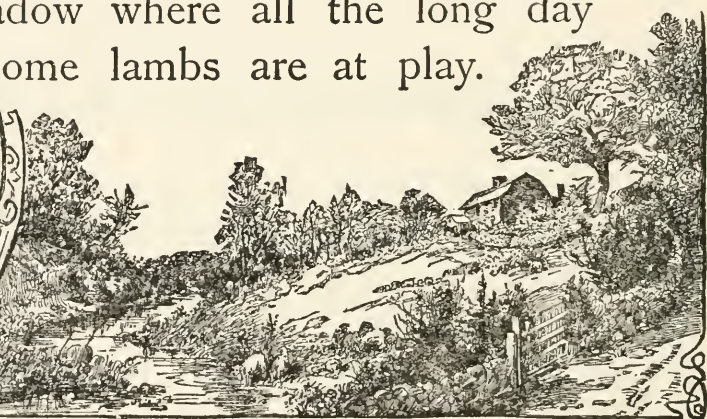
fair and small, The ba - by - Lit - tle Fin - ger. Yes! here are the mer - ry, mer - ry Lit - tle Men To

join us in our play; And here are the bus - y, bus - y Lit - tle Men To help us work to - day.


 II. THE LAMBS.

This is the meadow where all the long day  
Ten little frolicsome lambs are at play.


 THE  
MEADOW

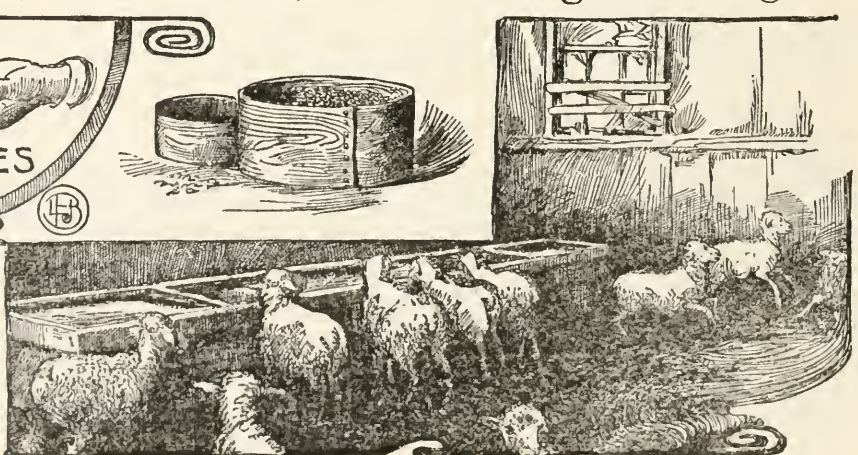


These are the measures the good farmer brings  
Salt in, or cornmeal, and other good things.


 THE

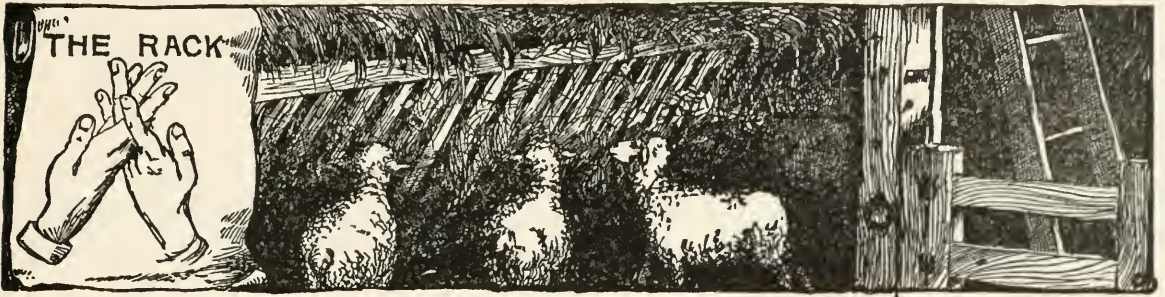
MEASURES


 THE  
TROUGH

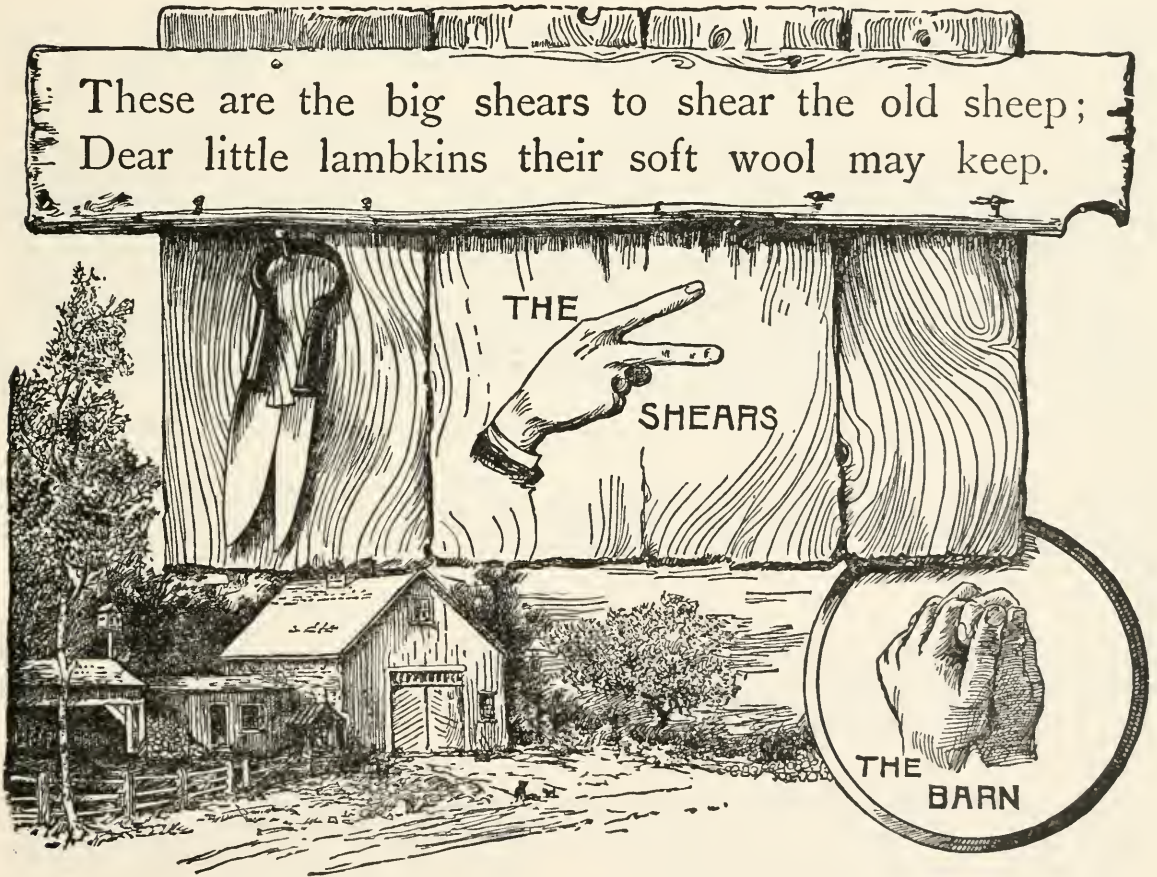


This is the lambkins' own big water-trough;  
Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off!





This is the rack where in winter they feed;  
Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.



Here, with its big double doors shut so tight,  
This is the barn where they all sleep at night.

## THE LAMBS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

The vocal line for the first verse is written on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. This is the mead-ow where all the long day Ten lit-tle frolicsome lambs are at play.

The piano accompaniment for the first verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

The vocal line for the second verse is written on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a quarter rest followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

These are the measures the good farmer brings Salt in, or corn meal, and oth-er good things.

The piano accompaniment for the second verse consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, and the left hand plays a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8.

- 2 This is the lambkins' own big water-trough ;  
 Drink, little lambkins, and then scamper off !  
 This is the rack where in winter they feed ;  
 Hay makes a very good dinner indeed.
- 3 These are the big shears to shear the old sheep ;  
 Dear little lambkins their soft wool may keep.  
 Here, with its big double doors shut so tight,  
 This is the barn where they all sleep at night.



III. THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

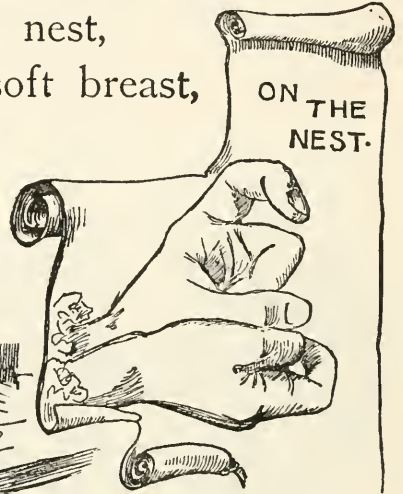
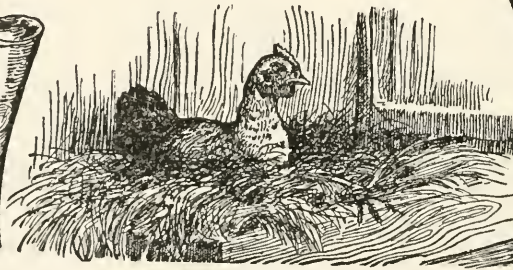
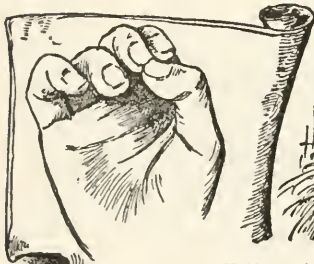
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### III. THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

Good Mother Hen sits here on her nest,  
Keeps the eggs warm beneath her soft breast,  
Waiting, waiting, day after day.

ON THE  
NEST.

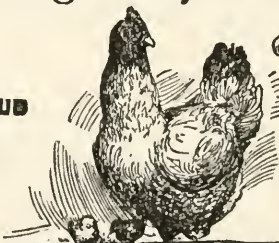


BREAKING  
THE  
SHELL

Hark! there's a sound she knows very well:  
Some little chickens are breaking the shell,  
Pecking, pecking, pecking away.

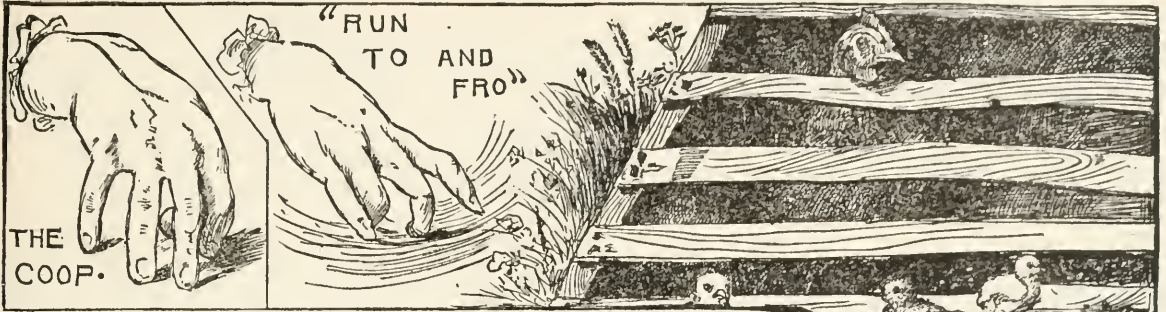


HAPPY  
AND  
PROUD

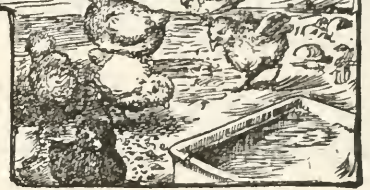


Now they're all out, Oh, see what a crowd!  
Good Mother Hen is happy and proud,  
Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, clucking away.

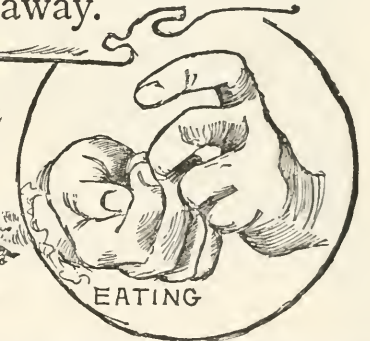
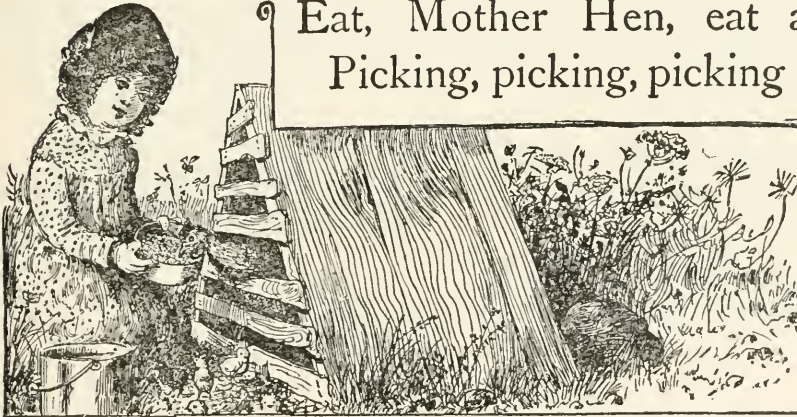




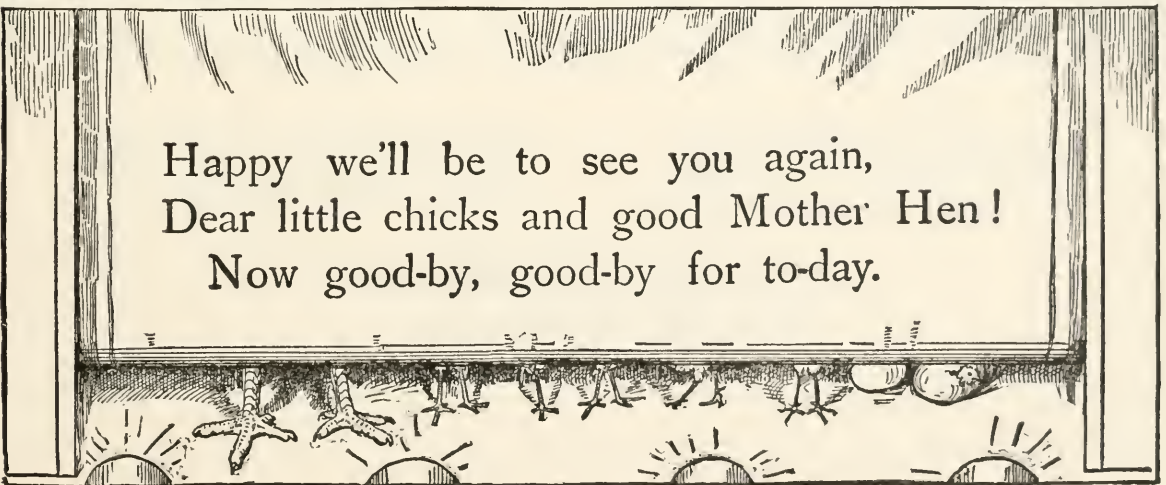
Into the coop the mother must go;  
 But all the chickens run to and fro,  
 Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.



Here is some corn in my little dish;  
 Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish,  
 Picking, picking, picking away.



Happy we'll be to see you again,  
 Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen!  
 Now good-by, good-by for to-day.



## THE HEN AND CHICKENS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. Good Moth - er Hen sits here on her nest,
2. Hark ! there's a sound she knows ver - y well :
3. Now they're all out, oh, see what a crowd !



Keeps the eggs warm be-neath her soft breast, Wait-ing, wait-ing, day af - ter day.  
Some lit - tle chick - ens breaking the shell, Peck - ing, peck-ing, peck - ing a - way.  
Good Moth-er Hen is hap - py and proud, Cluck-cluck, cluck-cluck, cluck-ing a - way.

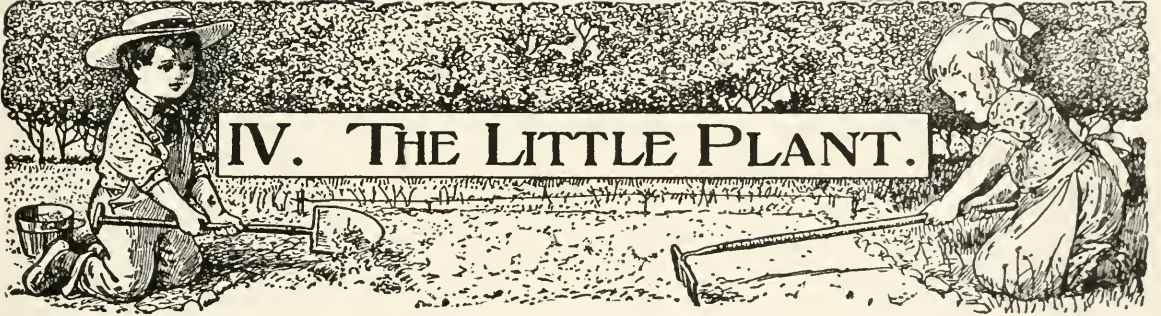


4 Into the coop the mother must go ;  
While all the chickens run to and fro,  
Peep-peep, peep-peep, peeping away.

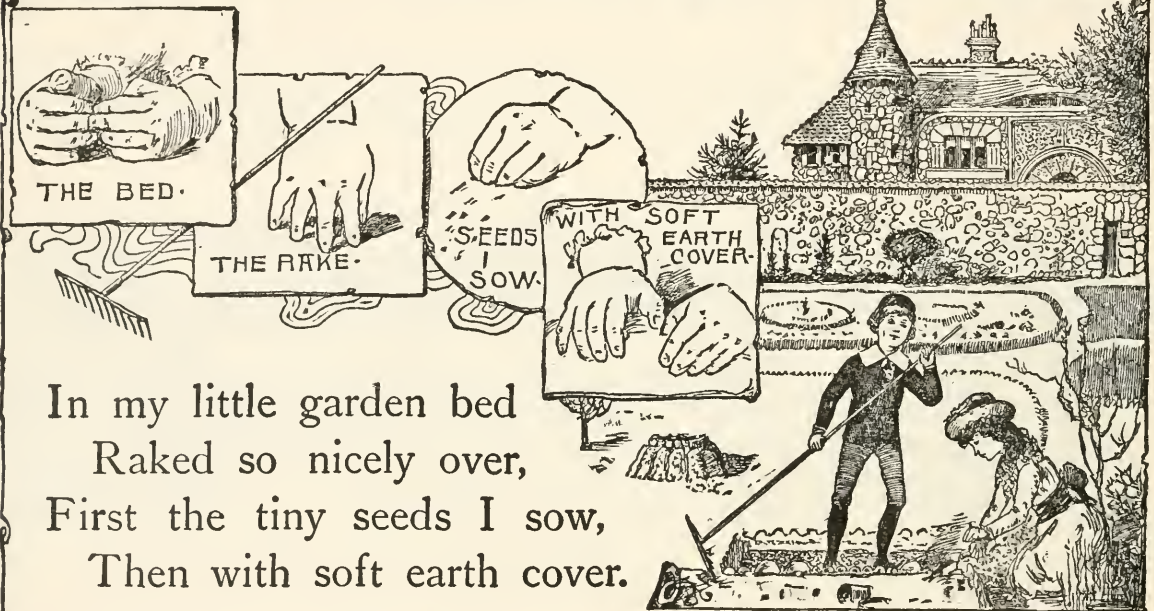
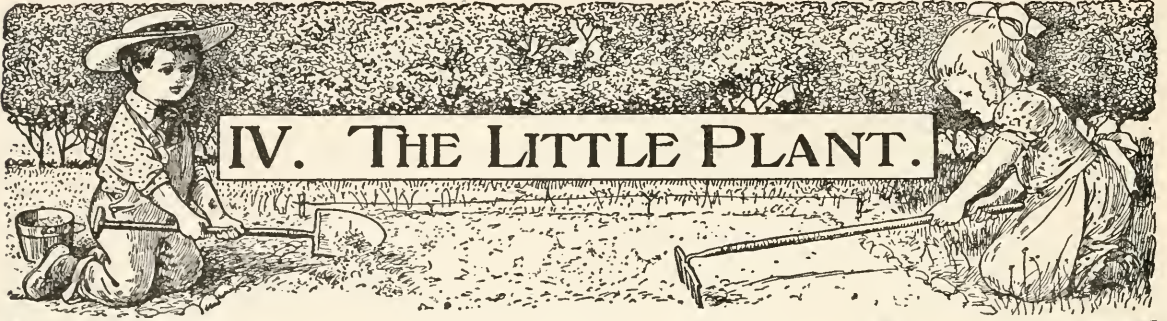
5 Here is some corn in my little dish ;  
Eat, Mother Hen, eat all that you wish.  
Picking, picking, picking away.

6 Happy we'll be to see you again,  
Dear little chicks and good Mother Hen !  
Now good-bye, good-bye for to-day

IV. THE LITTLE PLANT.



IV. THE LITTLE PLANT.



THE BED.



THE RAKE.



SEEDS I SOW.



WITH SOFT EARTH COVER.

In my little garden bed  
 Raked so nicely over,  
 First the tiny seeds I sow,  
 Then with soft earth cover.



THE GREAT ROUND SUN.

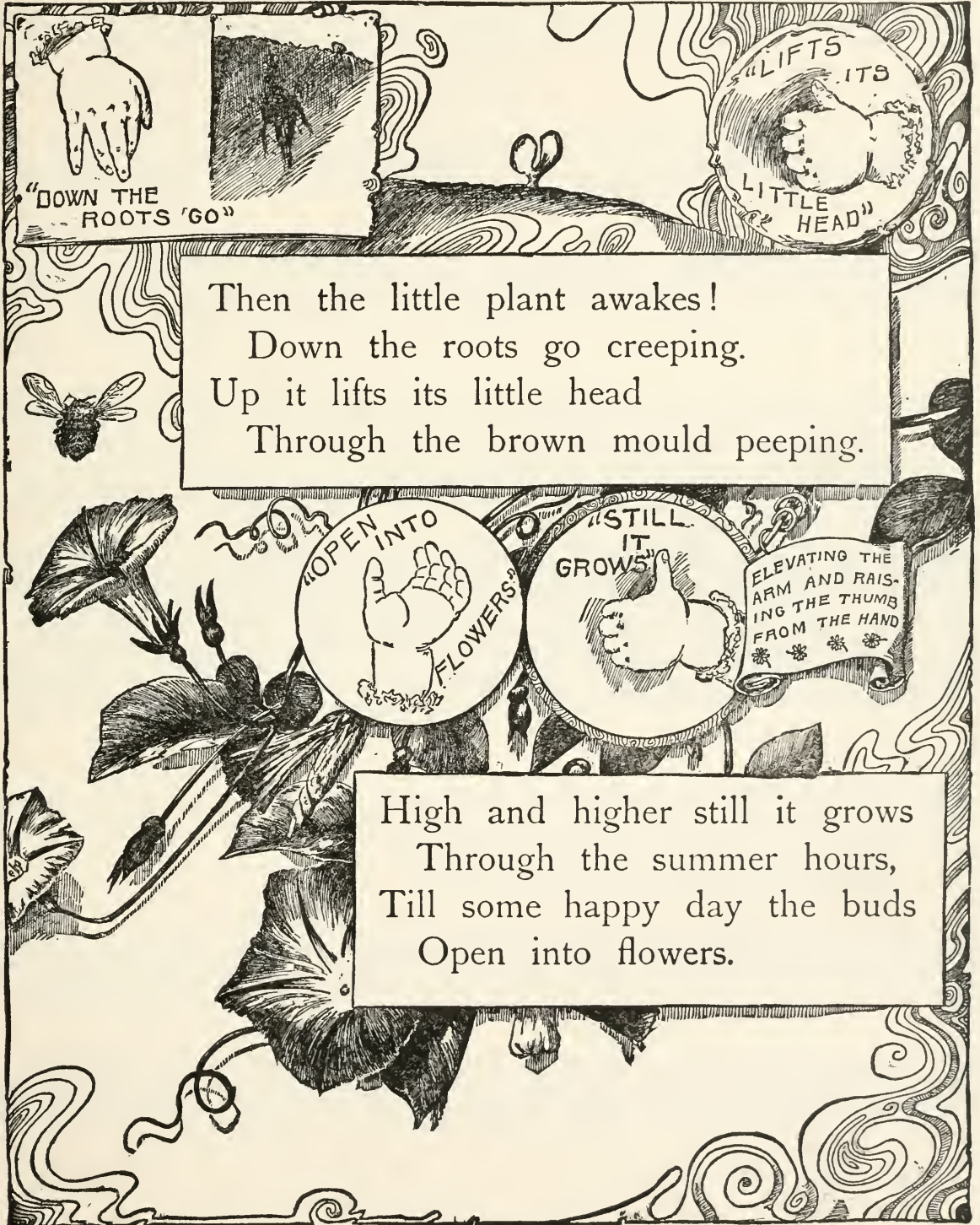
Shining down, the great round sun  
 Smiles upon it often;  
 Little raindrops, pattering down,  
 Help the seeds to soften.



DRUMMING WITH THE FINGER-TIPS.







"DOWN THE  
ROOTS 'GO'"

"LIFTS  
ITS

"LITTLE  
HEAD"

Then the little plant awakes!  
Down the roots go creeping.  
Up it lifts its little head  
Through the brown mould peeping.

"OPEN INTO  
FLOWERS"

"STILL  
IT  
GROWS"

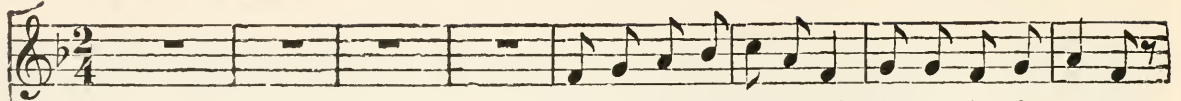
ELEVATING THE  
ARM AND RAIS-  
ING THE THUMB  
FROM THE HAND

High and higher still it grows  
Through the summer hours,  
Till some happy day the buds  
Open into flowers.

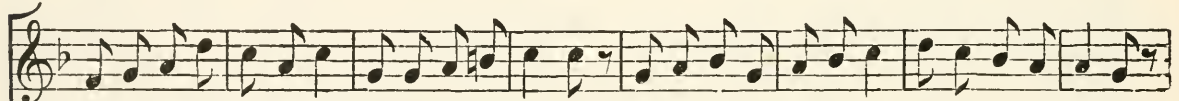
## THE LITTLE PLANT.

EMILIE POULSSON.

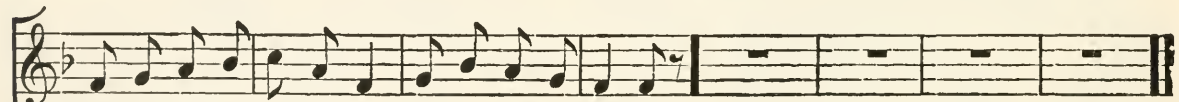
C. C. ROESKE.



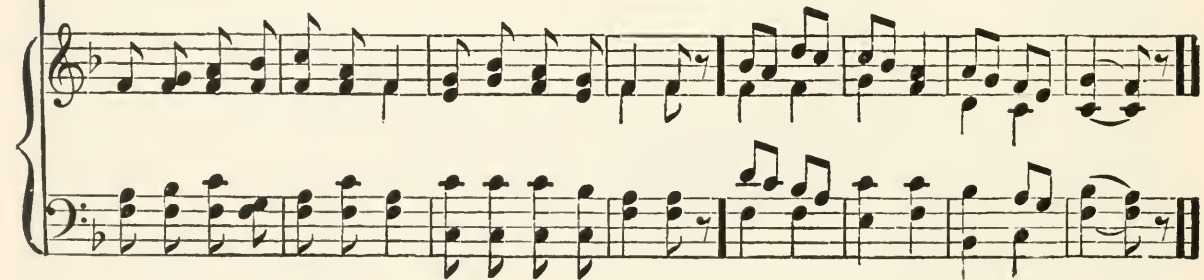
1. In my lit - tle garden bed Rak'd so nice - ly o - ver,
2. Then the lit - tle plant awakes! Down the roots go creeping.

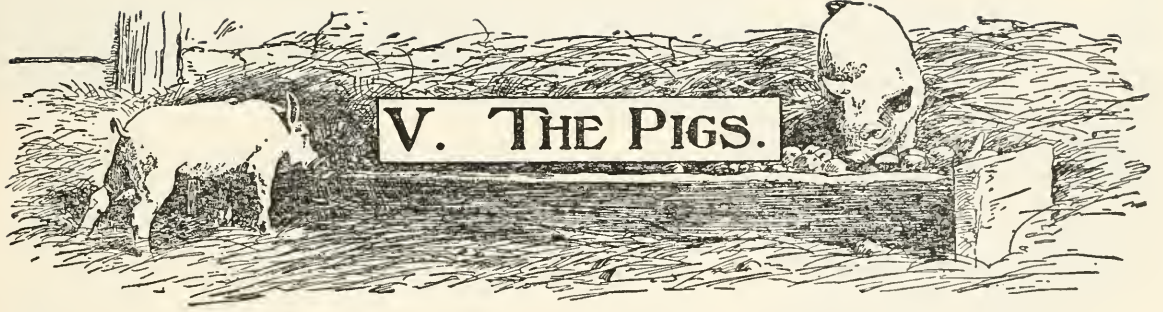


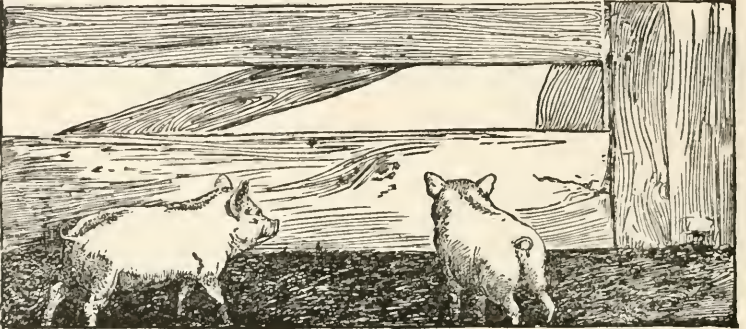
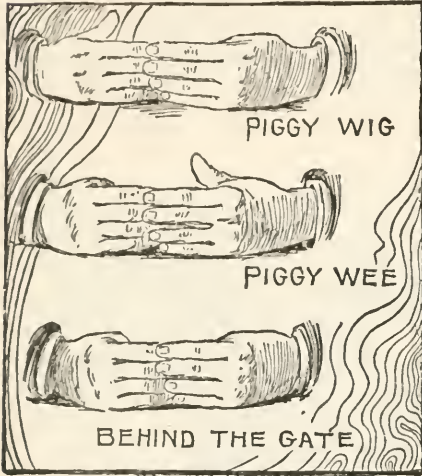
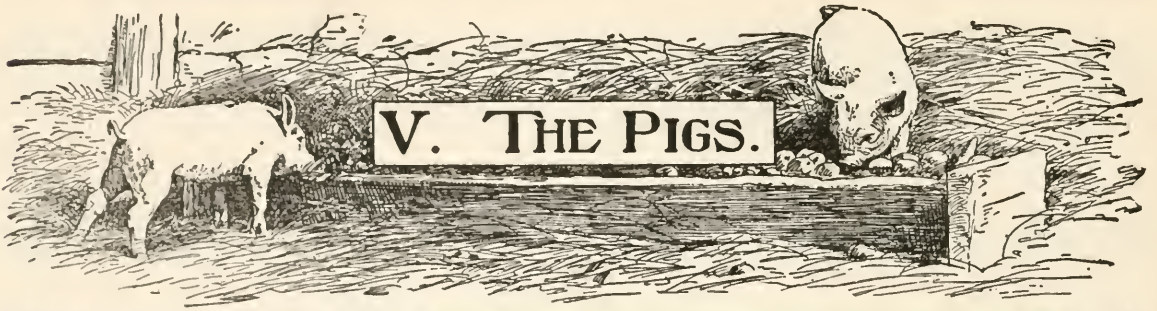
First the ti - ny seeds I sow, Then with soft earth cover. Shining down, the great round sun Smiles upon it often;  
Up it lifts its little head Thro' the brown mould peeping. High and higher still it grows Thro' the summer hours,



Little raindrops, patt'ring down, Help the seeds to soft-en.  
Till some hap - py day the buds O - pen in - to flow - ers.



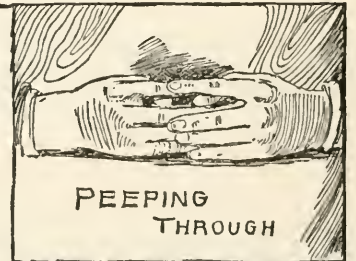




Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
Hungry pigs as pigs could be,  
For their dinner had to wait  
Down behind the barnyard gate.



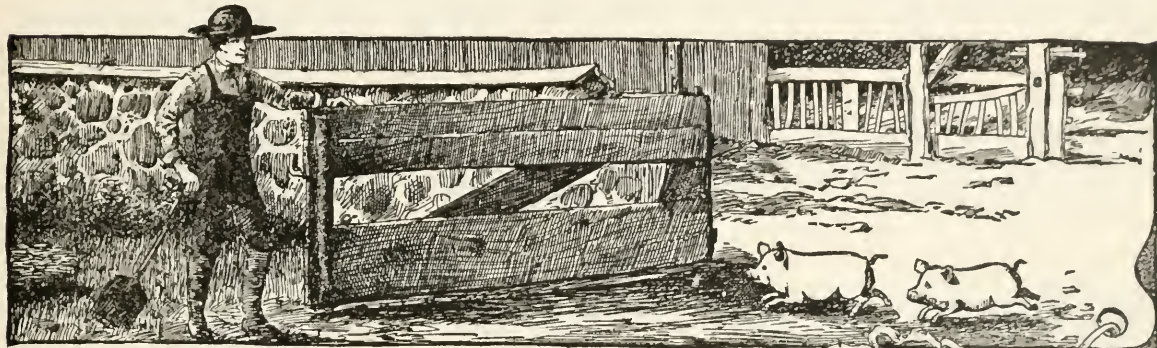
Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Climbed the barnyard gate to see,  
Peeping through the gate so high,  
But no dinner could they spy.



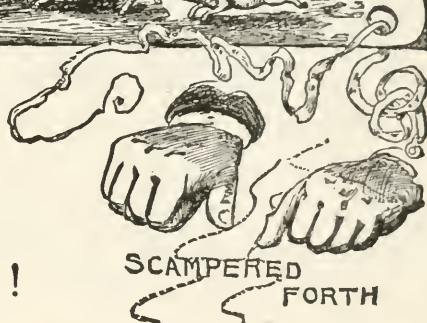
OPENED WIDE



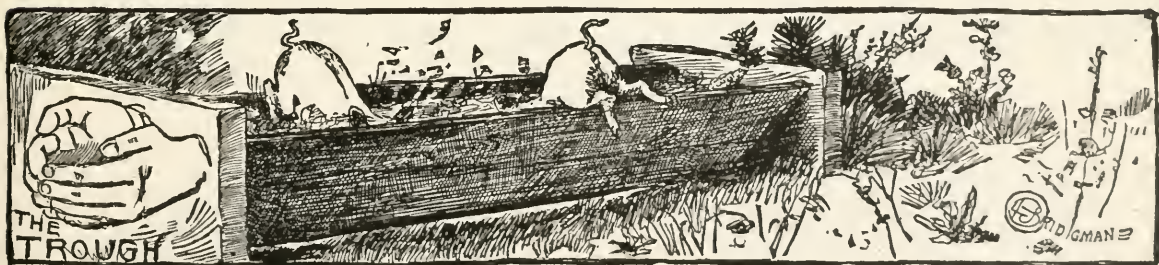
Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
 Got down sad as pigs could be;  
 But the gate soon opened wide  
 And they scampered forth outside.



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
 What was their delight to see  
 Dinner ready not far off—  
 Such a full and tempting trough!



SCAMPERED FORTH



IN THEY FELL



Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
 Greedy pigs as pigs could be,  
 For their dinner ran pell-mell;  
 In the trough both piggies fell

## THE PIGS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE

1. Pig - gie Wig and Pig-gie Wee,

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef staff in 6/8 time, starting with a whole rest followed by a melodic line. The middle and bottom staves are grouped as a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) in 6/8 time, providing a piano accompaniment with a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the treble.

Hun - gry pigs as pigs could be, For their din - ner had to wait Down behind the barn-yard gate.

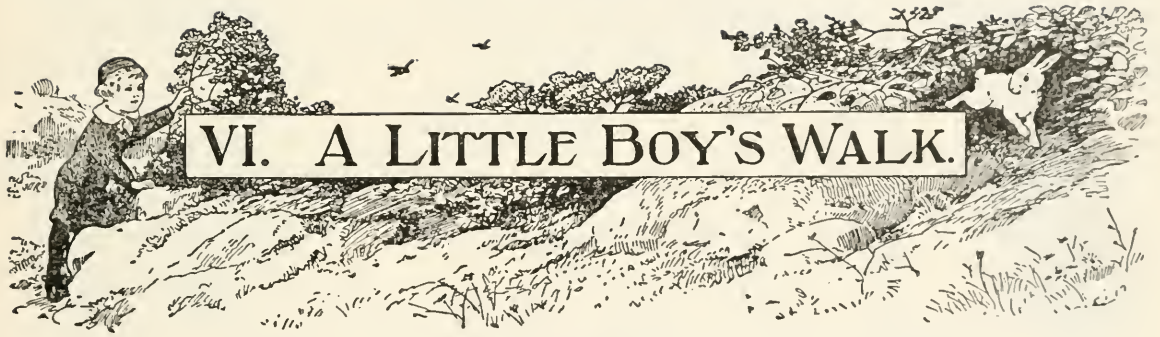
The second system of music also consists of three staves. The top staff is a single treble clef staff in 6/8 time, containing the vocal melody with lyrics. The middle and bottom staves are a grand staff in 6/8 time, providing piano accompaniment with chords and a bass line.

2 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Climbed the barn-yard gate to see,  
Peeping through the gate so high,  
But no dinner could they spy.

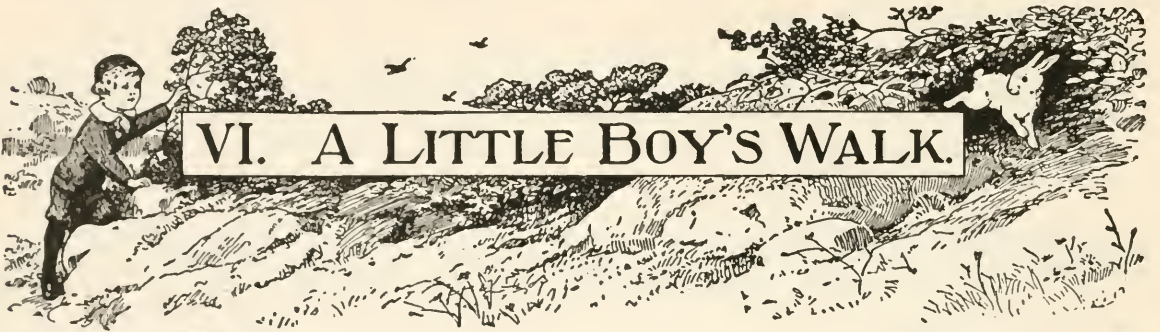
4 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
What was their delight to see  
Dinner ready not far off —  
Such a full and tempting trough!

8 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee  
Got down sad as pigs could be;  
But the gate soon opened wide  
And they scampered forth outside.

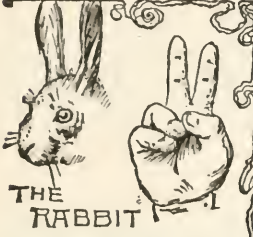
5 Piggie Wig and Piggie Wee,  
Greedy pigs as pigs could be,  
For their dinner ran pell-mell;  
In the trough both piggies fell.



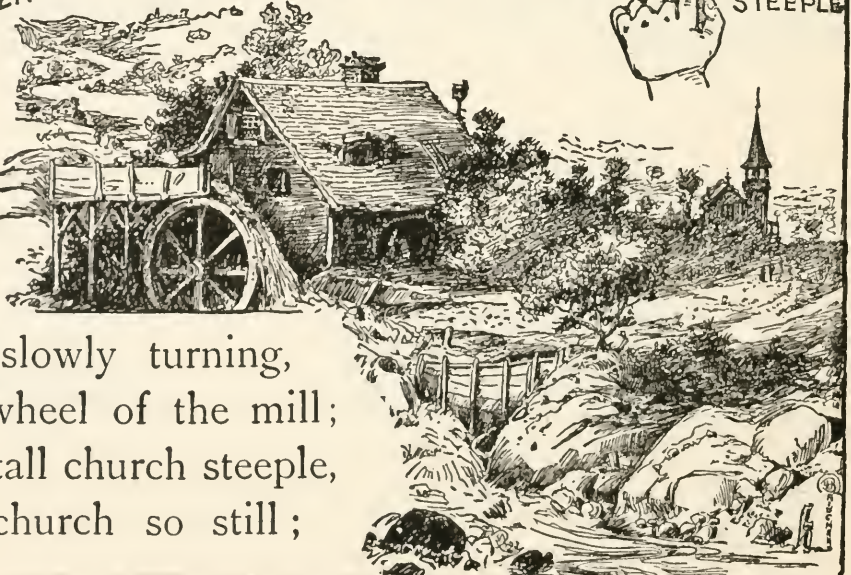
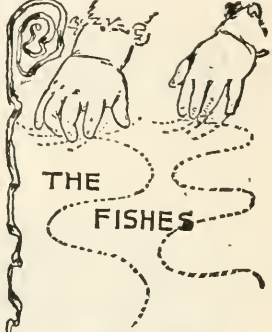
VI. A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.



VI. A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.



A little boy went walking  
 One lovely summer's day:  
 He saw a little rabbit  
 That quickly ran away;  
 He saw a shining river  
 Go winding in and out,  
 And little fishes in it  
 Were swimming all about;



And, slowly, slowly turning,  
 The great wheel of the mill;  
 And then the tall church steeple,  
 The little church so still;

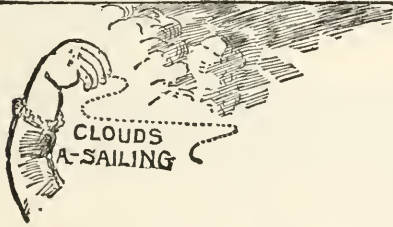




The bridge above the water;  
 And when he stopped to rest,  
 He saw among the bushes  
 A wee ground-sparrow's nest.



And as he watched the birdies  
 Above the tree-tops fly,  
 He saw the clouds a-sailing  
 Across the sunny sky.



He saw the insects playing;  
 The flowers that summer brings;  
 He said, "I'll go tell mamma!  
 I've seen *so many* things!"



## A LITTLE BOY'S WALK.

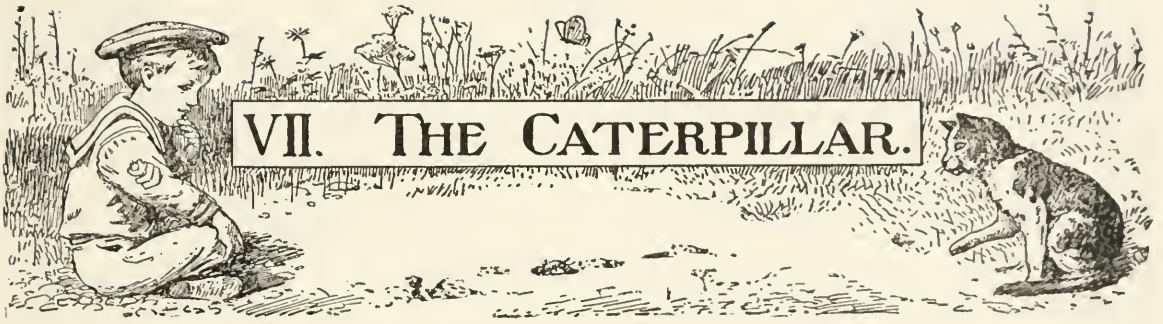
EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROFSRE.

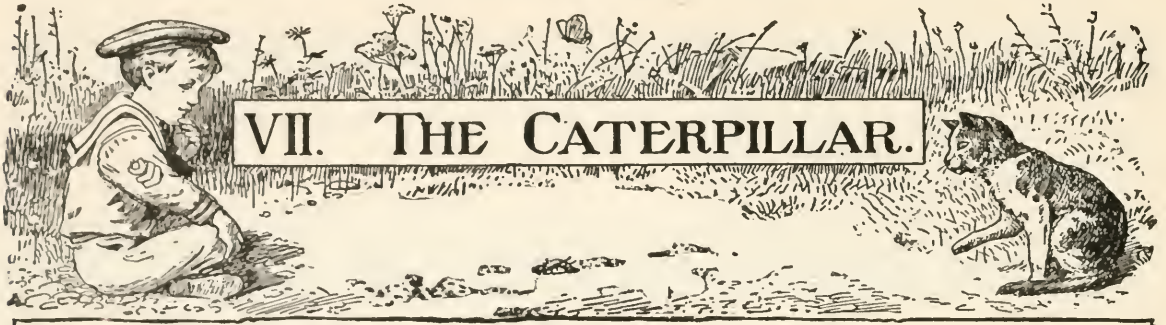
A lit - tle boy went walk - ing One  
And slow - ly, slow - ly turn - ing, The  
And as he watched the bird - ies A -

lovely summer's day: He saw a lit - tle rab - bit That quickly ran a - way; He saw a shin - ing  
great wheel of the mill; And then the tall church steeple, The little church so still; The bridge above the  
bove the tree - tops fly, He saw the clouds a - sail - ing A - cross the sun - ny sky. He saw the in - sects

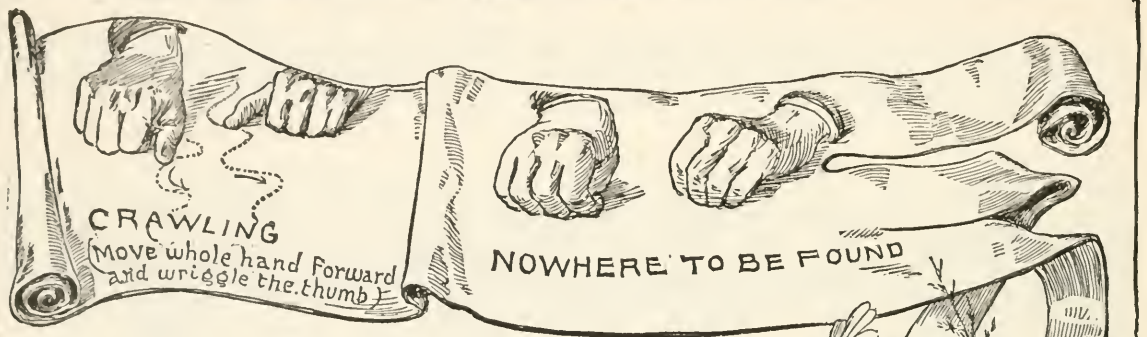
riv - er Go wind - ing in and out, And lit - tle fish - es in it Were swimming all a - bout.  
wa - ter; And when he stopped to rest, He saw among the bush - es A wee ground - sparrow's nest.  
play - ing; The flowers that summer brings; He said, "I'll go tell Mamma! I've seen so man - y things."



VII. THE CATERPILLAR.



## VII. THE CATERPILLAR.



Fuzzy little caterpillar,  
 Crawling, crawling on the ground!  
 Fuzzy little caterpillar,  
 Nowhere, nowhere to be found,  
 Though we've looked and looked and hunted  
 Everywhere around!



When the little caterpillar  
 Found his furry coat too tight,  
 Then a snug cocoon he made him  
 Spun of silk so soft and light;  
 Rolled himself away within it—  
 Slept there day and night.

ROLLED  
 HIMSELF  
 AWAY

(Rotate  
 the thumb,  
 then double  
 into the  
 hand.)

STIRRING

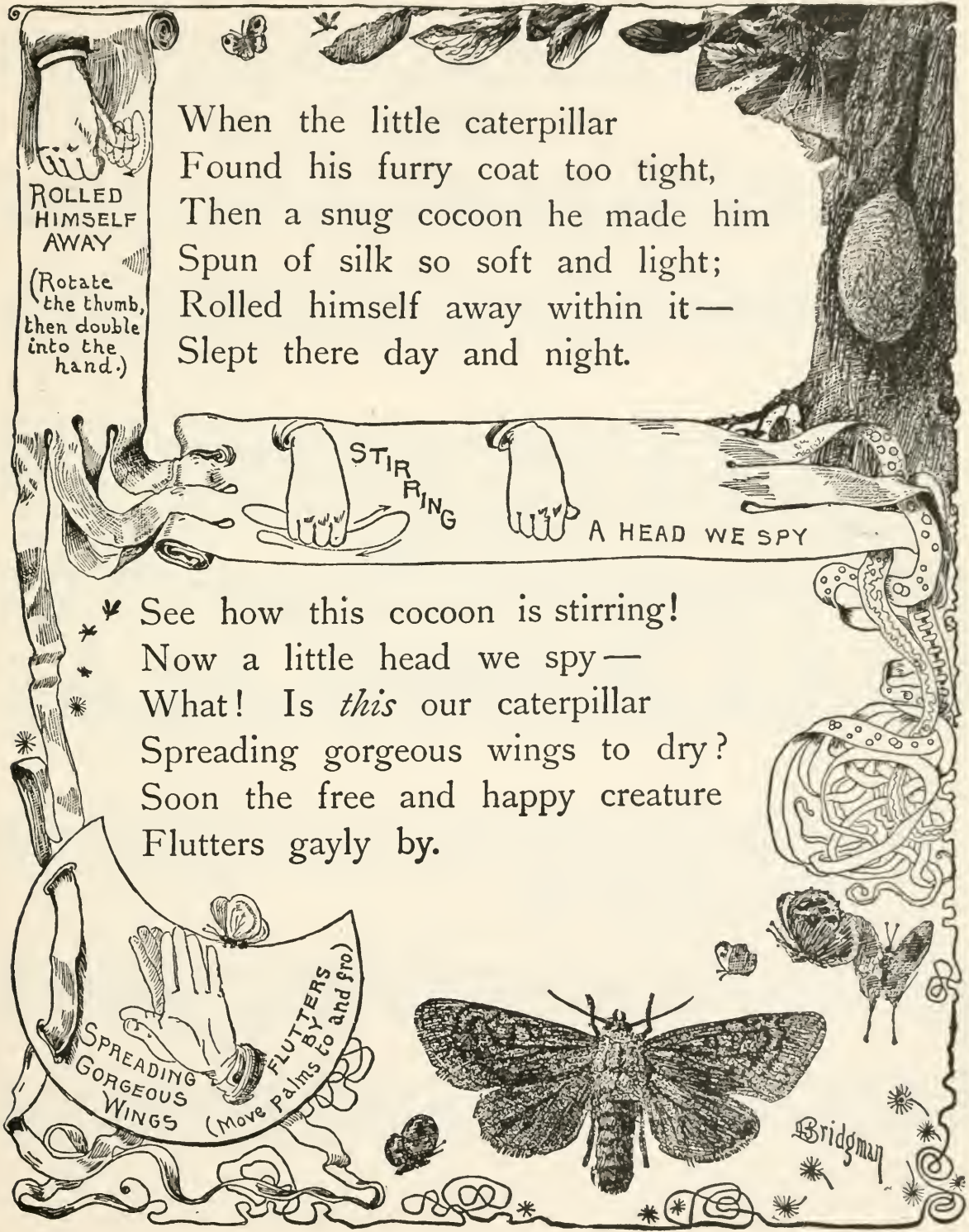
A HEAD WE SPY

See how this cocoon is stirring!  
 Now a little head we spy—  
 What! Is *this* our caterpillar  
 Spreading gorgeous wings to dry?  
 Soon the free and happy creature  
 Flutters gayly by.

SPREADING  
 GORGEOUS  
 WINGS

FLUTTERS  
 BY  
 (Move Palms to and fro)

Bridgman



## THE CATERPILLAR.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. Fuz - zy lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar, Crawling, crawling  
 2. When the lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar Found his fur - ry  
 3. See how this co - coon is stir - ring! Now a lit - tle

on the ground! Fuz - zy lit - tle cat - er - pil - lar, Nowhere, nowhere to be found, Tho' we've looked and  
 coat too tight, Then a snug co-coon he made him Spun of silk so soft and light; Rolled himself a -  
 head we spy — What! is *this* our cat - er - pil - lar Spreading gorgeous wings to dry? Soon the free and

looked and hunted Ev - erywhere a - round!  
 way with-in it—Slept there day and night.  
 hap - py crea-ture Flut - ters gai - ly by.

VIII. ALL FOR BABY.





## VIII. ALL FOR BABY.



Here's a ball for Baby,  
Big and soft and round!  
Here is Baby's hammer —  
O, how he can pound!

Here is Baby's music —  
Clapping, clapping so!  
Here are Baby's soldiers,  
Standing in a row!





PEEP - A-BOO!

TRUMPET

PLAYS AT "PEEP-A-BOO!"

Here's the Baby's trumpet,  
 Toot-too-toot! too-too!  
 Here's the way that Baby  
 Plays at "Peep-a-boo!"

Here's a big umbrella —  
 Keep the Baby dry!  
 Here's the Baby's cradle —  
 Rock-a-baby-by!

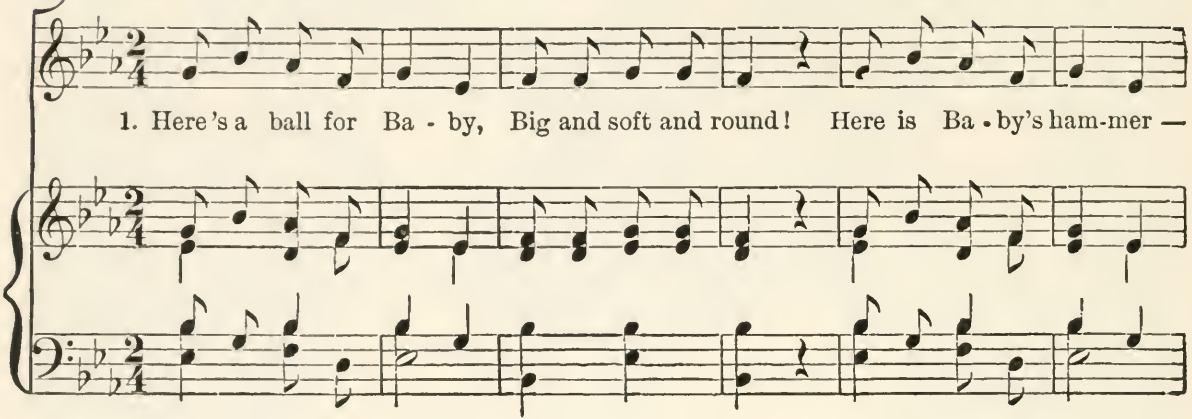
UMBRELLA

CRADLE


## ALL FOR BABY.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. Here's a ball for Ba - by, Big and soft and round! Here is Ba - by's ham-mer —



O, how he can pound!

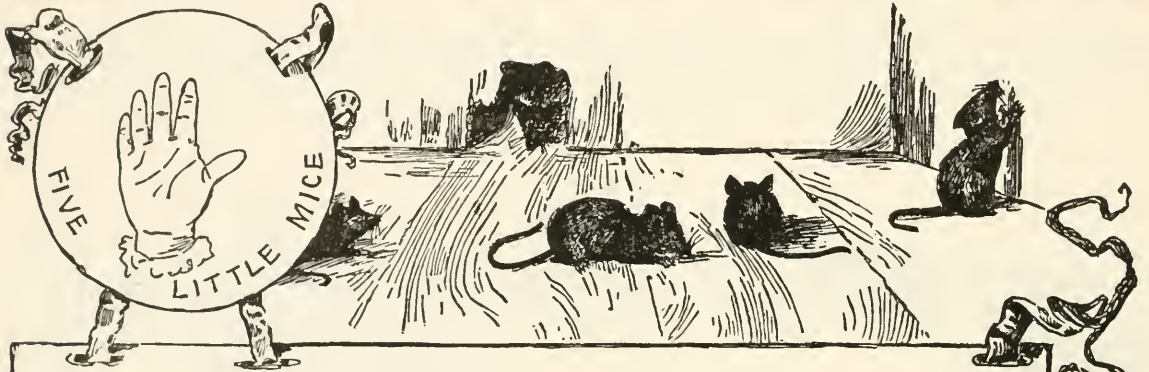
2 Here is Baby's music  
Clapping, clapping so!  
Here are Baby's soldiers,  
Standing in a row!

3 Here's the Baby's trumpet,  
Toot-too-toot! too-too!  
Here's the way that Baby  
Plays at "Peep-a-boo!"

4 Here's a big umbrella —  
Keeps the Baby dry!  
Here's the Baby's cradle —  
Rock-a-baby by!

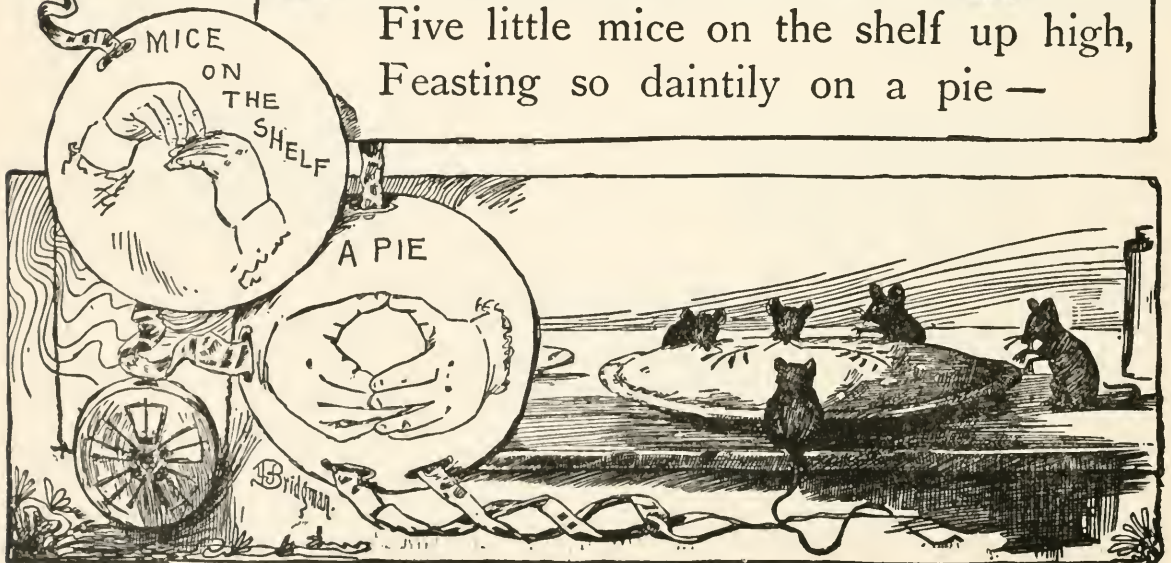


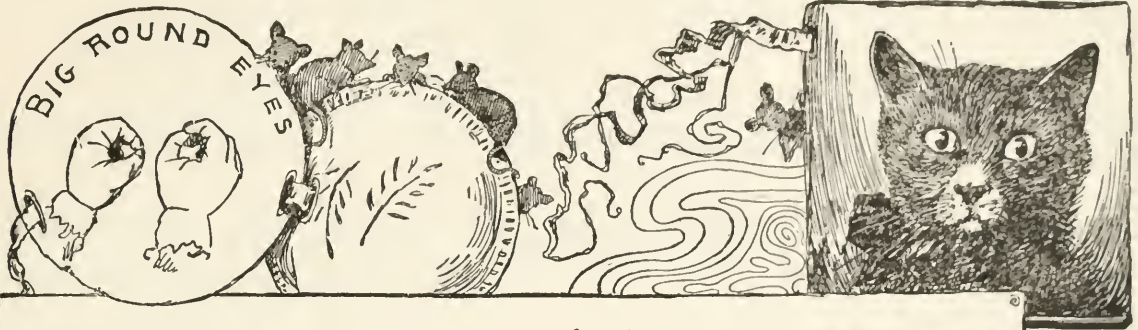
IX. THE MICE.



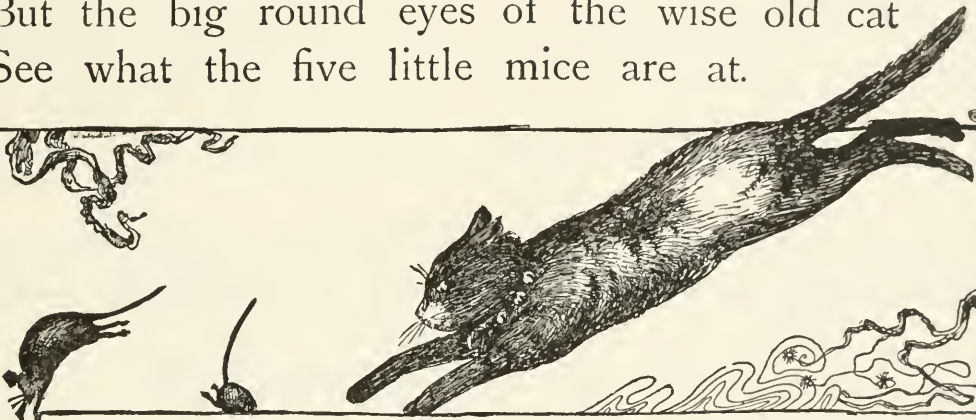
Five little mice on the pantry floor,  
Seeking for bread-crumbs or something more;

Five little mice on the shelf up high,  
Feasting so daintily on a pie —



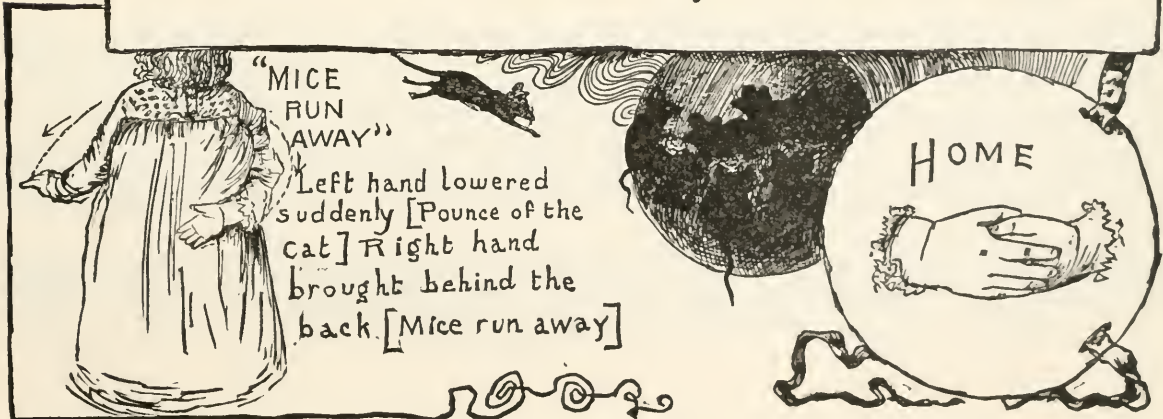


But the big round eyes of the wise old cat  
See what the five little mice are at.



Quickly she jumps!—but the mice run away,  
And hide in their snug little holes all day.

“Feasting in pantries may be very nice;  
But home is the best!” say the five little mice.



“MICE  
RUN  
AWAY”

Left hand lowered  
suddenly [Pounce of the  
cat] Right hand  
brought behind the  
back. [Mice run away]

HOME

## FIVE LITTLE MICE.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

*f*

1. { Five lit-tle mice on the pan-try floor,  
big round eyes of the wise old cat

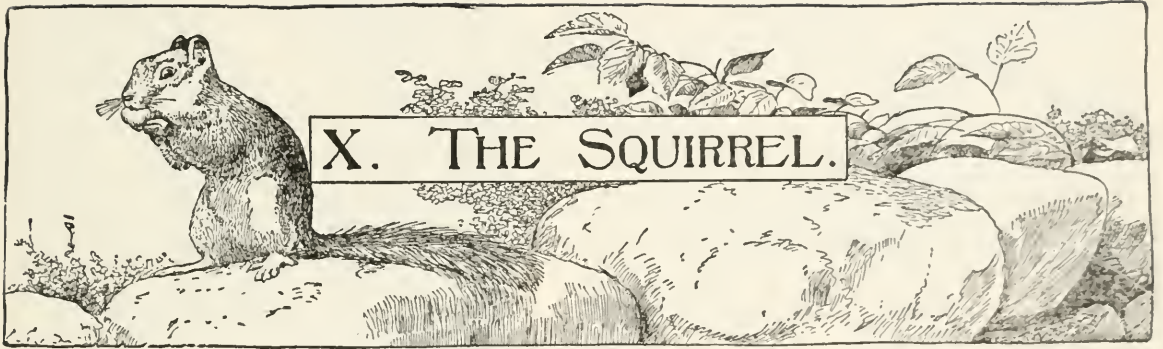
Seeking for bread crumbs or something more; Five little mice on the shelf up high,  
See what the five lit-tle mice are at. Quick-ly she jumps! but the mice run a-way, And

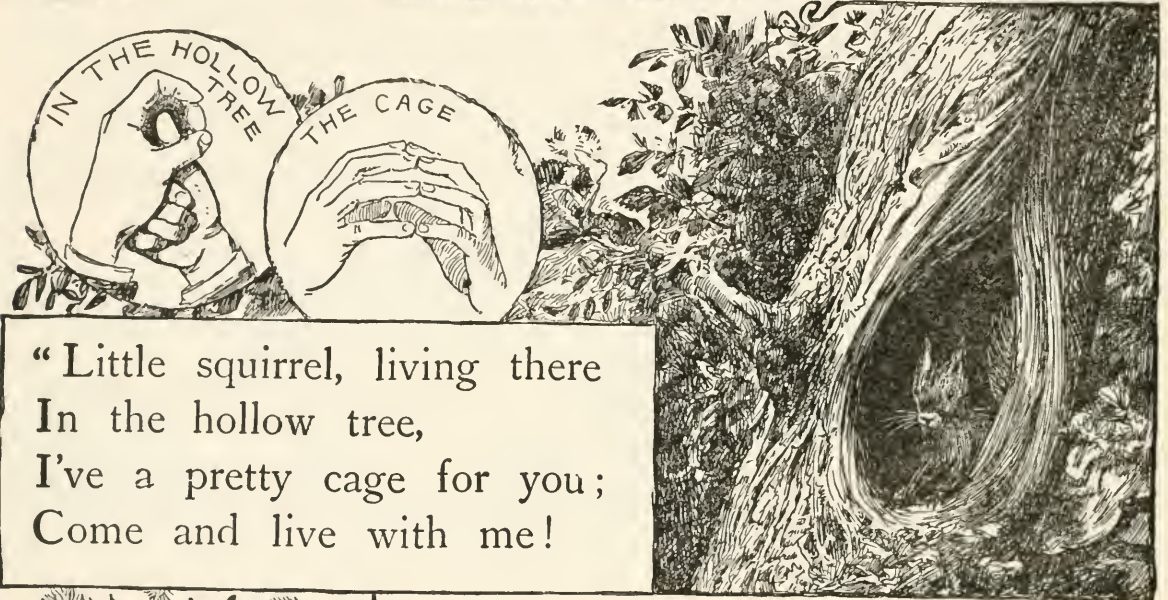
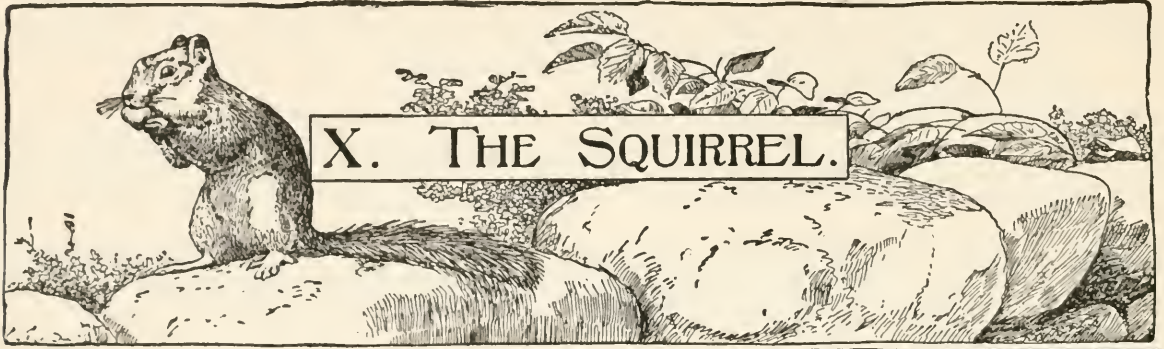
*f* *D.S.*

Feast-ing so dain-ti-ly on a pie—hide in their snug lit-tle holes all day. But the

2

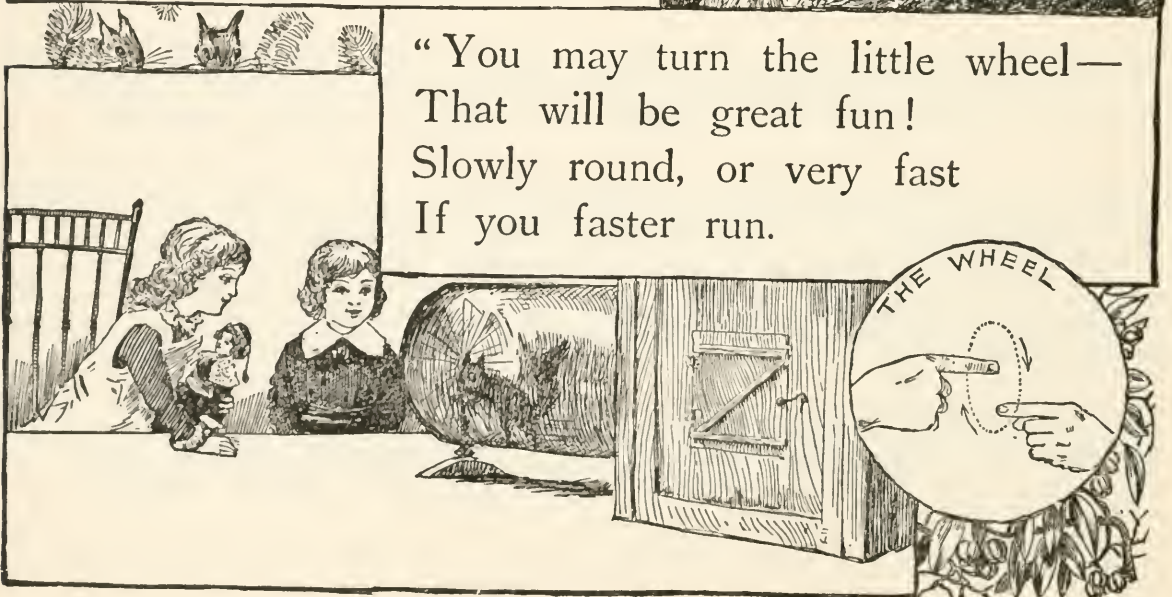
“Feasting in pan-tries may be ver-y nice; But home is the best!” say the five lit-tle mice.





“Little squirrel, living there  
In the hollow tree,  
I’ve a pretty cage for you;  
Come and live with me!

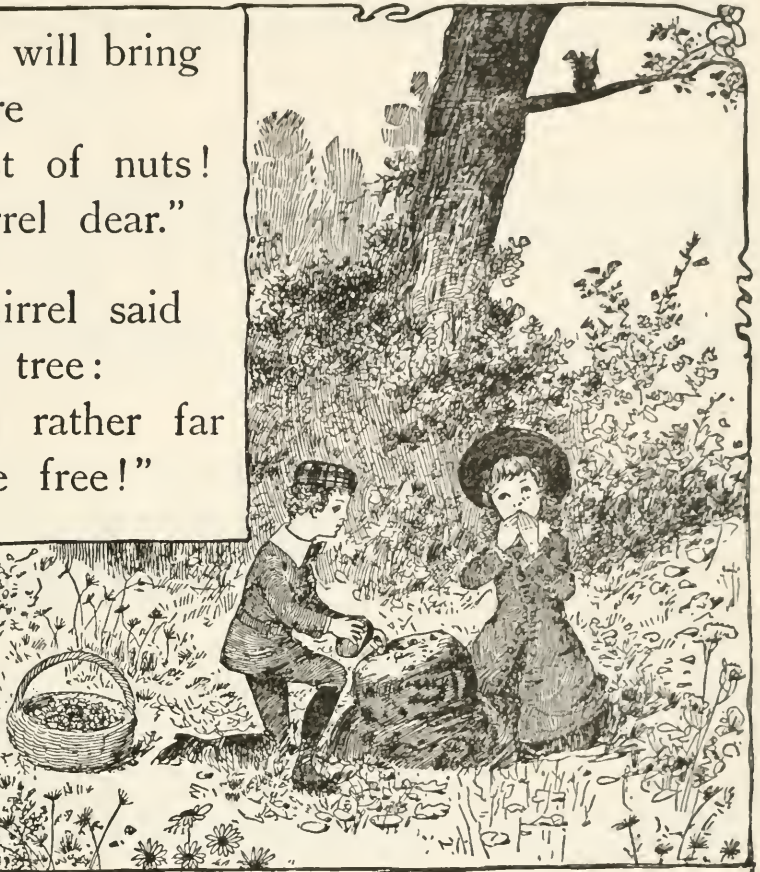
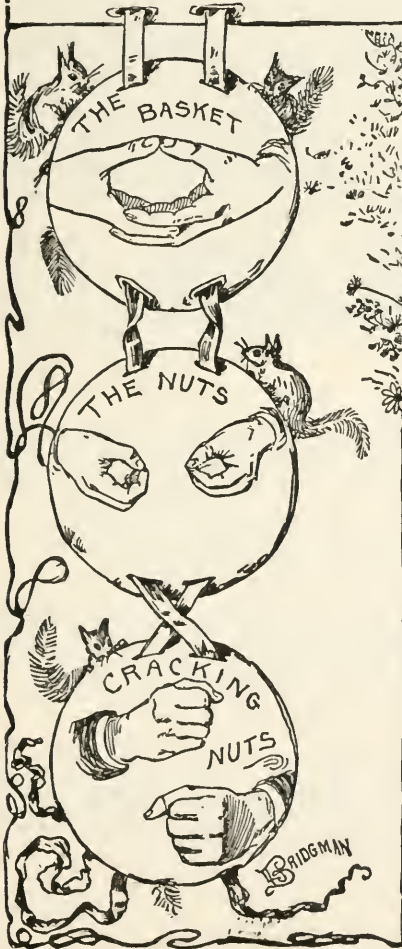
“You may turn the little wheel—  
That will be great fun!  
Slowly round, or very fast  
If you faster run.





“Little squirrel, I will bring  
In my basket here  
Every day a feast of nuts!  
Come, then, squirrel dear.”

But the little squirrel said  
From his hollow tree:  
“Oh! no, no! I'd rather far  
Live here and be free!”



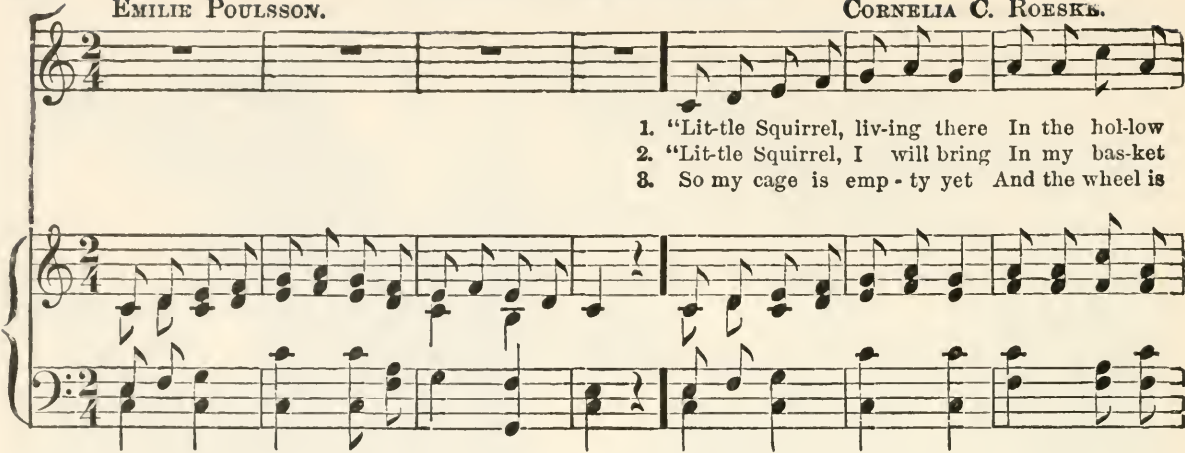
So my cage is empty yet,  
And the wheel is still;  
But my little basket here  
Oft with nuts I fill.

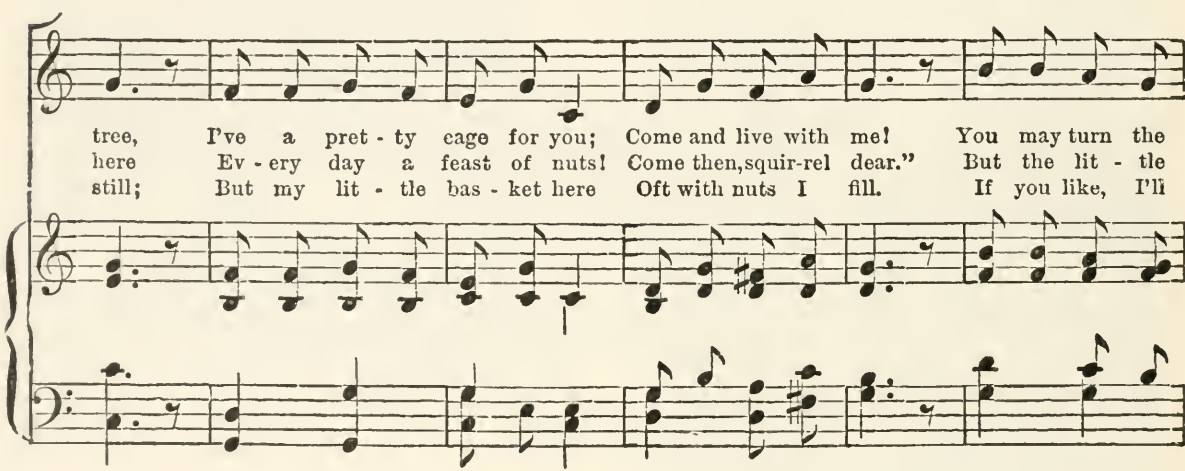
If you like, I'll crack the nuts,  
Some for you and me,  
For the squirrel has enough  
In his hollow tree.

## THE SQUIRREL.

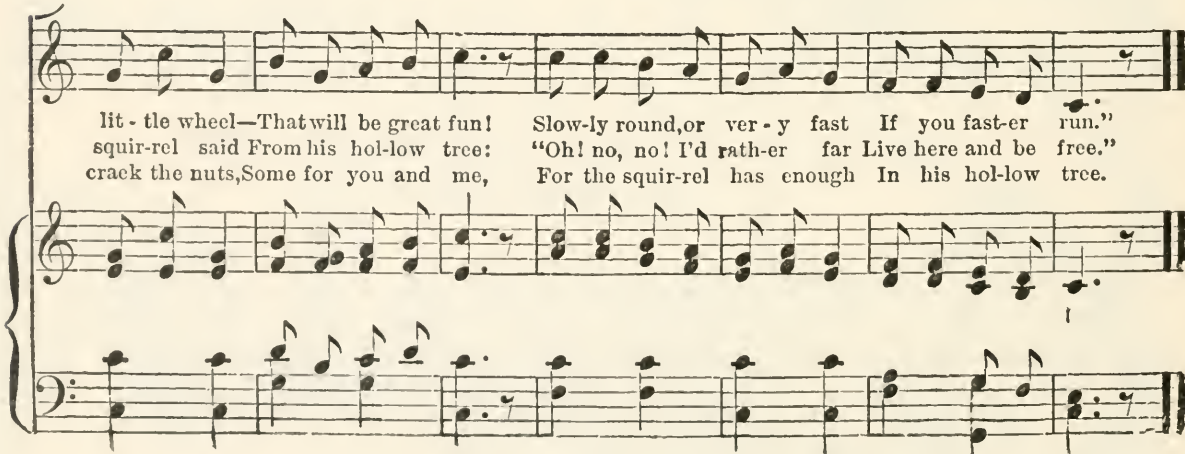
EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

- 
1. "Lit-tle Squirrel, liv-ing there In the hol-low
  2. "Lit-tle Squirrel, I will bring In my bas-ket
  3. So my cage is emp - ty yet And the wheel is

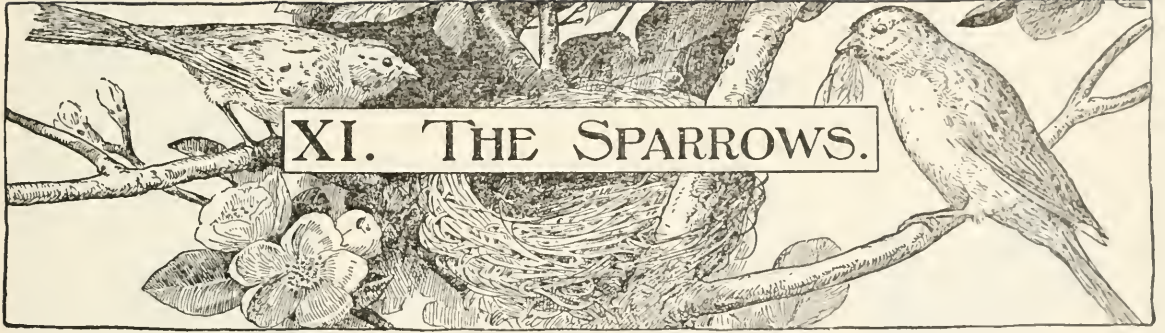


tree, I've a pret - ty cage for you; Come and live with me! You may turn the  
 here Ev - ery day a feast of nuts! Come then, squir-rel dear." But the lit - tle  
 still; But my lit - tle bas - ket here Oft with nuts I fill. If you like, I'll



lit - tle wheel—That will be great fun! Slow-ly round, or ver - y fast If you fast-er run."  
 squir-rel said From his hol-low tree: "Oh! no, no! I'd rath-er far Live here and be free."  
 crack the nuts, Some for you and me, For the squir-rel has enough In his hol-low tree.

XI. THE SPARROWS.





“Here is some water,  
Sparkling and clear;  
Come, little sparrows,  
Drink without fear.



“If you are tired,  
Here is a nest;  
Wouldn't you like to  
Come here to rest?”



All the brown sparrows  
Flutter away,  
Chirping and singing,  
“We cannot stay;

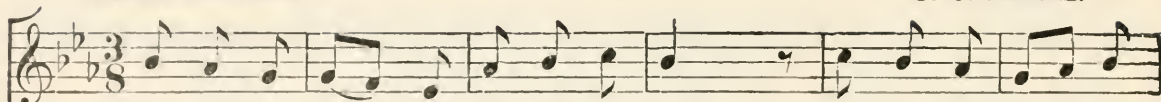
“For in the tree-tops,  
'Mong the gray boughs,  
There is the sparrows'  
Snug little house.”



## THE SPARROWS.

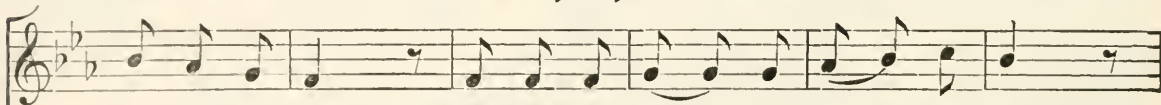
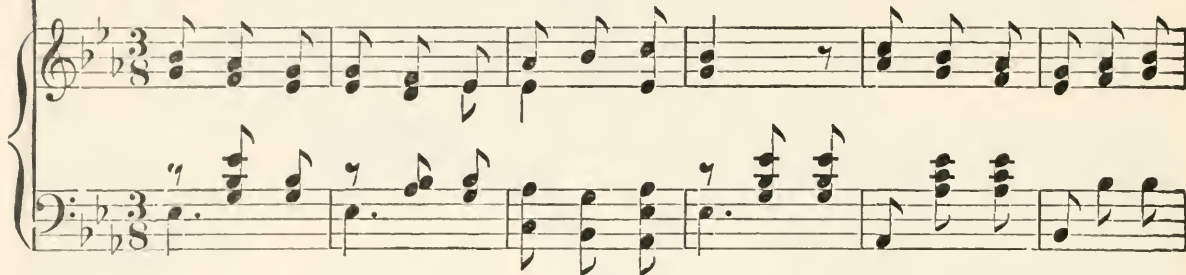
EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.



1. "Lit - tle brown spar - rows, Fly - ing a - round,  
 2. "Here is some wa - ter, Spark-ling and clear;  
 3. All the brown spar - rows Flut - ter a - way,

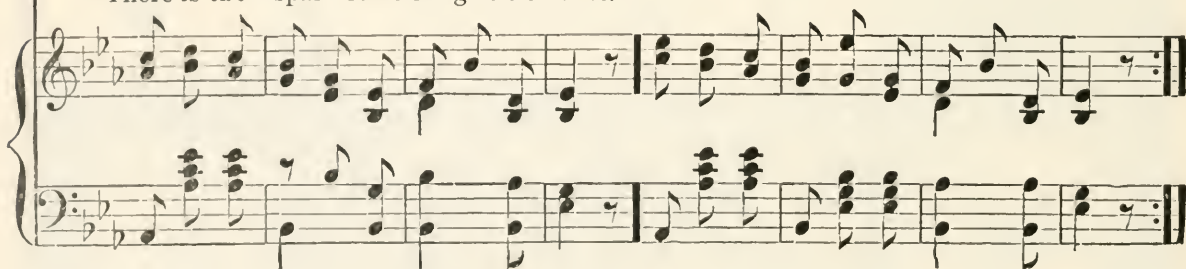
Up in the tree - tops,  
 Come, lit - tle spar - rows,  
 Chirp-ing and sing - ing,



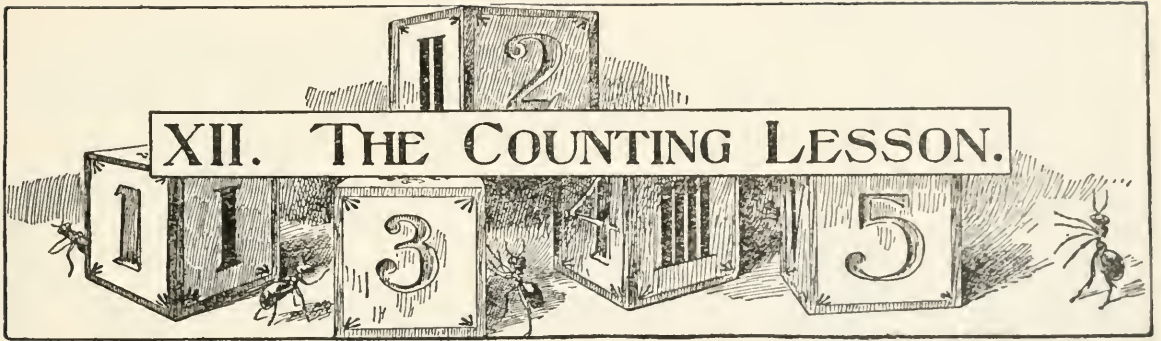
Down on the ground,      Come to my window, Dear spar - rows, come!  
 Drink with-out fear.      If you are tired,      Here is a nest;  
 "We can - not stay;      For in the tree - tops,'Mong the gray boughs,

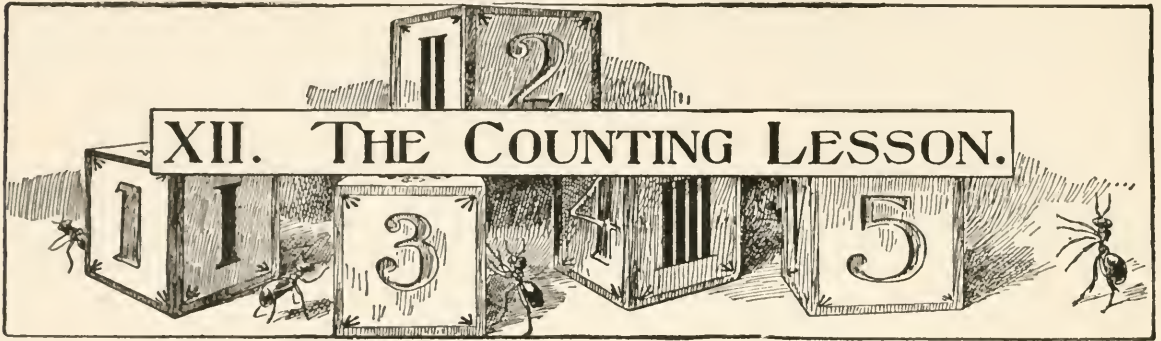


See! I will give you Man-y a crumb."  
 Wouldn't you like to Come here and rest?"  
 There is the spar - rows' Snug lit-tle house."



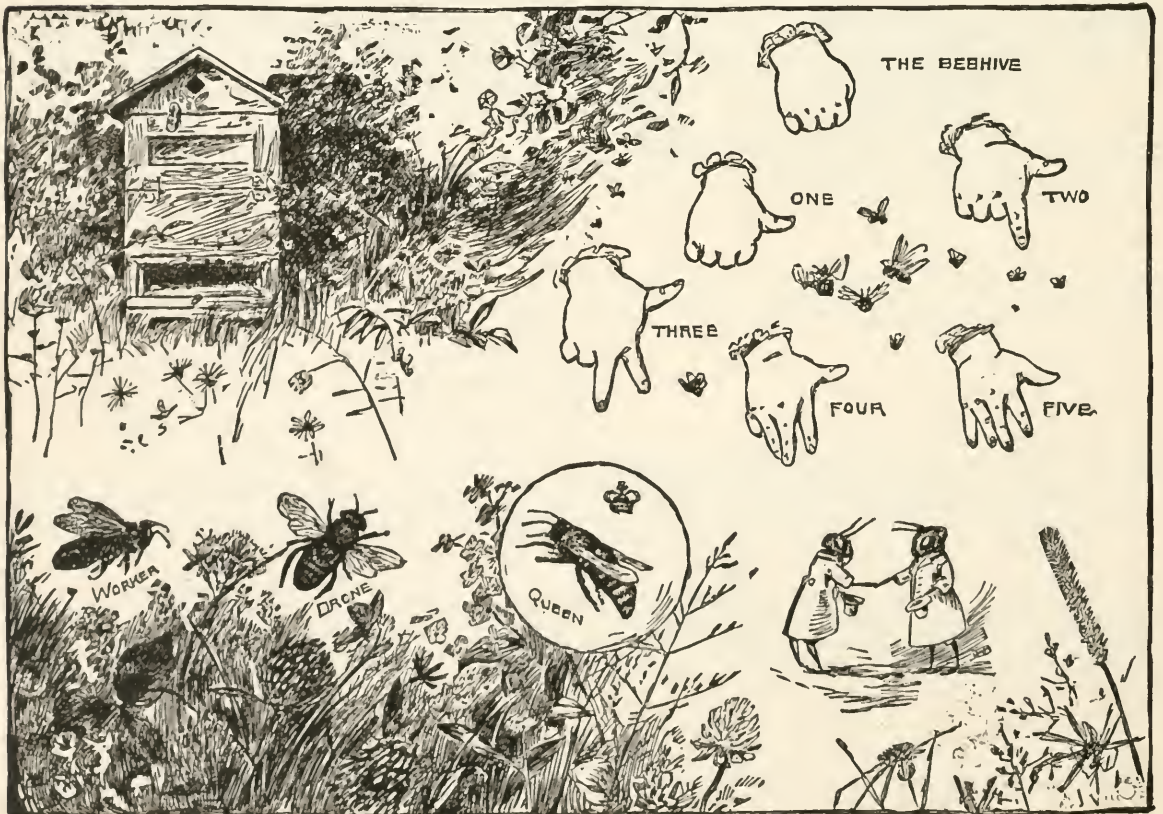
XII. THE COUNTING LESSON.





*(Right hand.)*

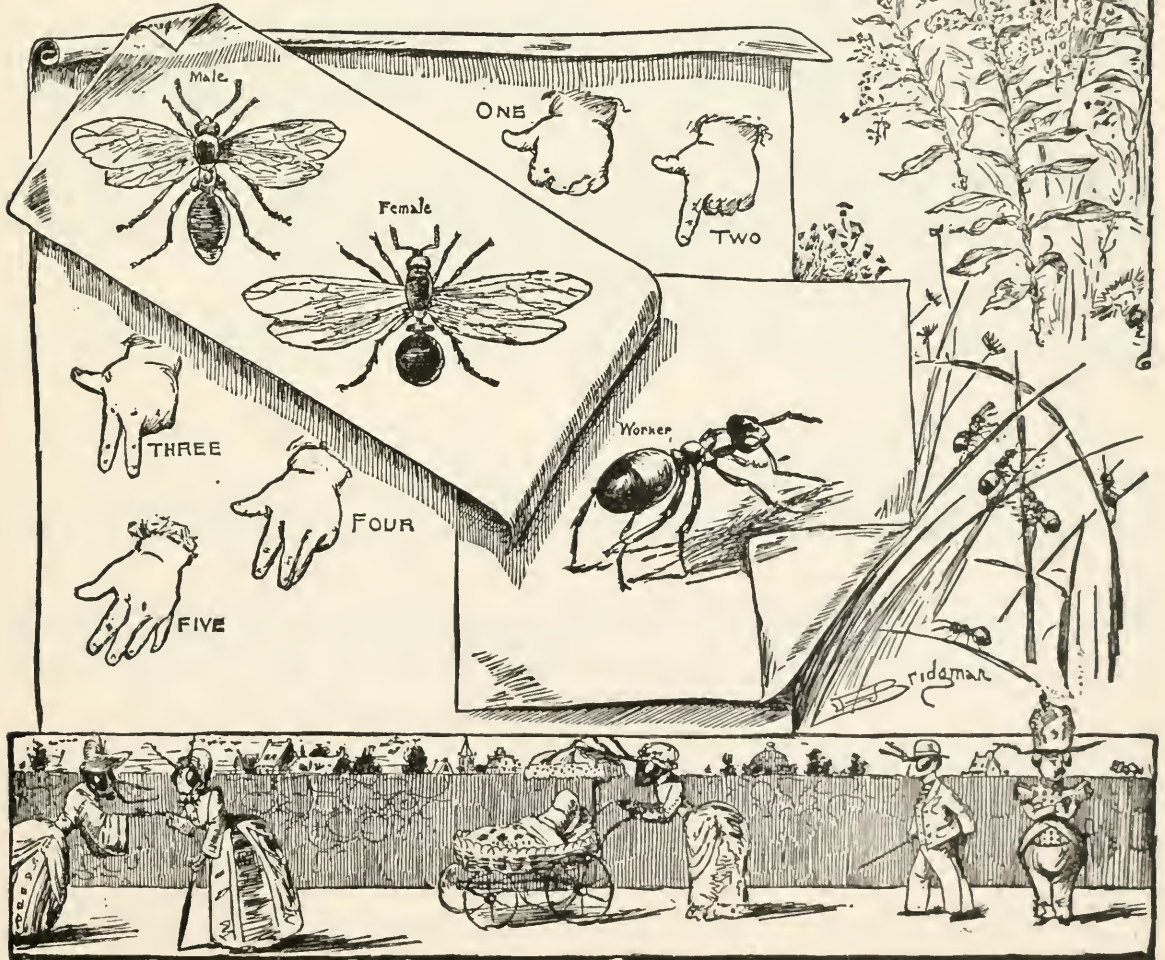
Here is the beehive. Where are the bees?  
 Hidden away where nobody sees.  
 Soon they come creeping out of the hive —  
 One! — two! — three! four! five!





(Left hand.)

Once I saw an ant-hill  
 With no ants about;  
 So I said, "Dear little ants,  
 Won't you please come out?"  
 Then as if the little ants  
 Had heard my call —  
 One! two! three! four! *five* came out!  
 And that was all!



# THE COUNTING LESSON.

EMILIE POULSSON.  
1ST VERSE.

C. C. ROESKE.

1. Here is the beehive. Where are the bees? Hid-den a - way where no-bod-y sees.

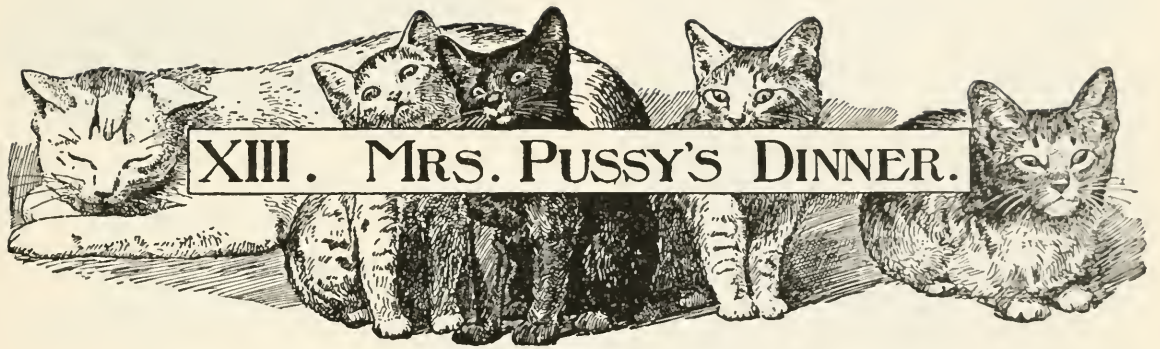
Soon they come creep-ing out of the hive — One! — two! — three! four! five!

## 2ND VERSE.

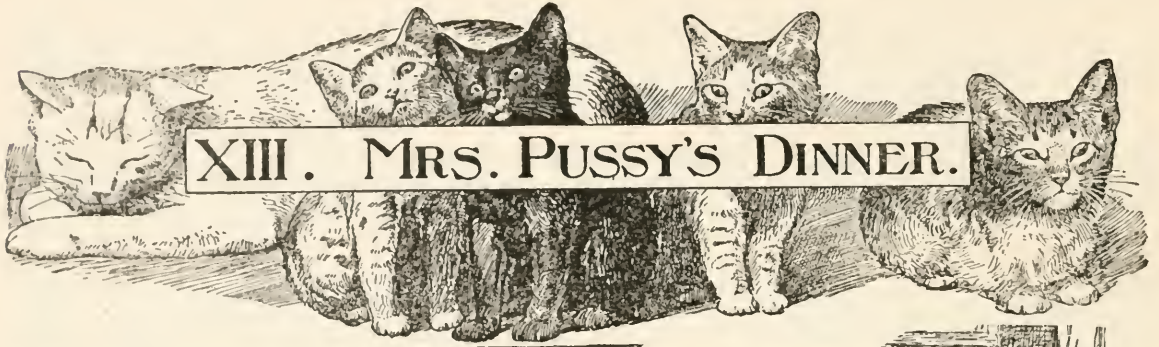
2. Once I saw an ant hill With no ants a - bout; So I said,

“Dear lit-tle ants, Won’t you please come out?” Then as if the lit - tle ants Had

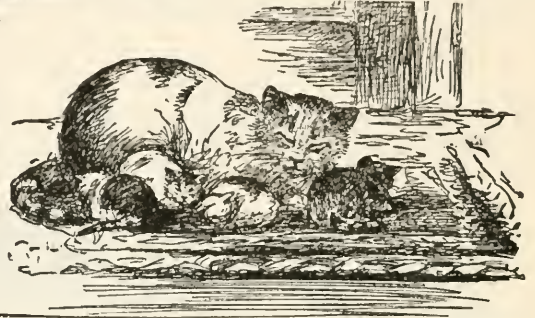
heard my call — One! two! three! four! *five* came out! And that was all!



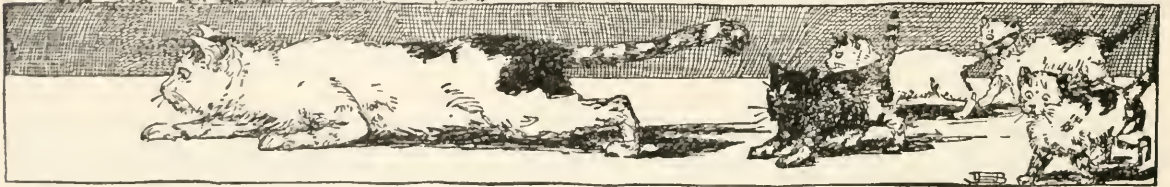
XIII. MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.



Mrs. Pussy, sleek and fat,  
 With her kittens four,  
 Went to sleep upon the mat  
 By the kitchen door.



Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —  
 Up she jumped in glee:  
 “Kittens, maybe that’s a mouse!  
 Let us go and see!”



CREEPING



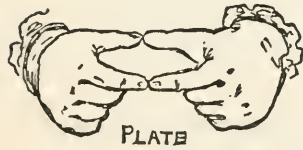
Creeping, creeping, creeping on,  
 Silently they stole;  
 But the little mouse had gone  
 Back within its hole.



“Well,” said Mrs. Pussy then,  
 “To the barn we’ll go;  
 We shall find the swallow there  
 Flying to and fro.”



So the cat and kittens four  
 Tried their very best;  
 But the swallows flying fast  
 Safely reached the nest!



Home went hungry Mrs. Puss  
 And her kittens four;  
 Found their dinner on a plate  
 By the kitchen door.  
 Mrs. Puss said, “Meow! To chase  
 Birds and mice is fun;  
 But I’m glad that dinner-plates  
 Cannot fly or run!”



## MRS. PUSSY'S DINNER.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.

1. Mrs. Pus-sy, sleek and fat, With her kittens four,

Went to sleep up - on the mat By the kitchen door.

2 Mrs. Pussy heard a noise —  
Up she jumped in glee:  
“Kittens, maybe that’s a mouse!  
Let us go and see!”

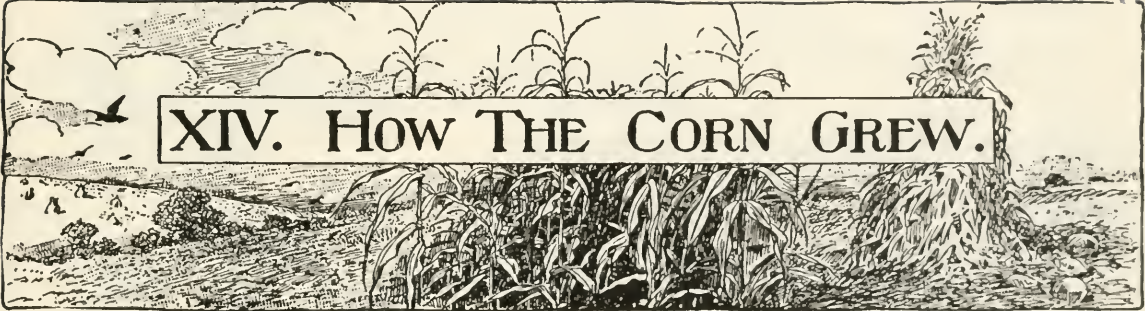
3 Creeping, creeping, creeping on,  
Silently they stole;  
But the little mouse had gone  
Back within its hole.

4 “Well,” said Mrs. Pussy then,  
“To the barn we’ll go;  
We shall find the swallows there  
Flying to and fro.”

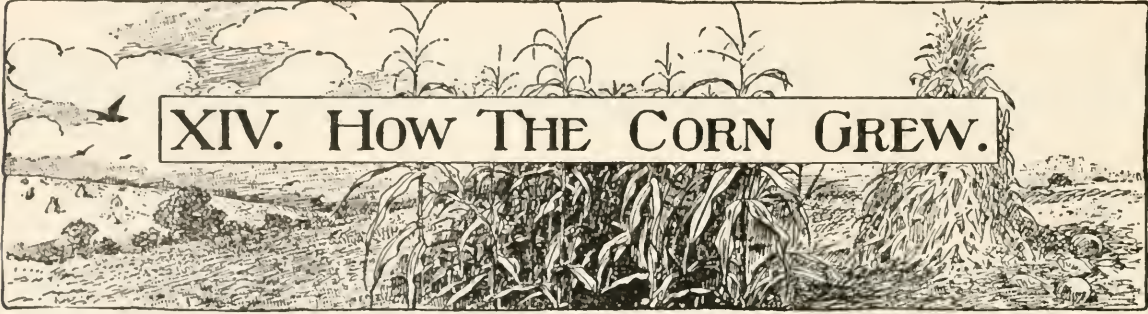
5 So the cat and kittens four  
Tried their very best;  
But the swallows flying fast  
Safely reached the nest!

6 Home went hungry Mrs. Puss  
And her kittens four;  
Found their dinner on a plate  
By the kitchen door.

7 Mrs. Puss said, “Meow! To chase  
Birds and mice is fun;  
But I’m glad that dinner-plates  
Cannot fly or run!”




XIV. HOW THE CORN GREW.




## XIV. HOW THE CORN GREW.


There was a field that waiting lay,  
 All hard and brown and bare;  
 There was a thrifty farmer came  
 And fenced it in with care.

THE HARROW



THE PLOW



Then came a plowman with his plow;  
 From early until late,  
 Across the field and back again,  
 He plowed the furrows straight.

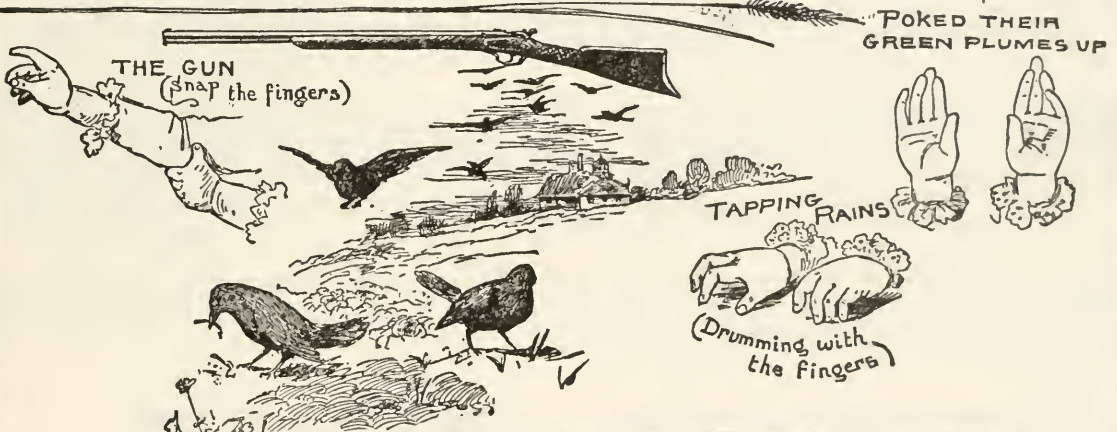
The harrow then was brought to make  
 The ground more soft and loose;  
 And soon the farmer said with joy,  
 "My field is fit for use."



For many days the farmer then  
 Was working with his hoe;  
 And little Johnny brought the corn  
 And dropped the kernels—so!



And there they lay, until awaked  
 By tapping rains that fell,  
 Then pushed their green plumes up  
 to greet  
 The sun they loved so well.



Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows  
 Came down the corn to taste;  
 But ba-ang!—went the farmer's gun  
 And off they flew in haste.

Then grew and grew the corn, until,  
 When autumn days had come,  
 With sickles keen they cut it down,  
 And sang the "Harvest Home."



## HOW THE CORN GREW.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. There was a field that wait - ing lay, All hard and brown and bare; There

was a thrif - ty farm - er came And fenced it in with care, There

was a thrif - ty farm - er came And fenced it in with care.

2 Then came a ploughman with his plough;  
From early until late,  
Across the field and back again,  
He ploughed the furrows straight.

3 The harrow then was brought to make  
The ground more soft and loose;  
And soon the farmer said with joy,  
"My field is fit for use."

4 For many days the farmer then  
Was working with his hoe;  
And little Johnny brought the corn  
And dropped the kernels — so!

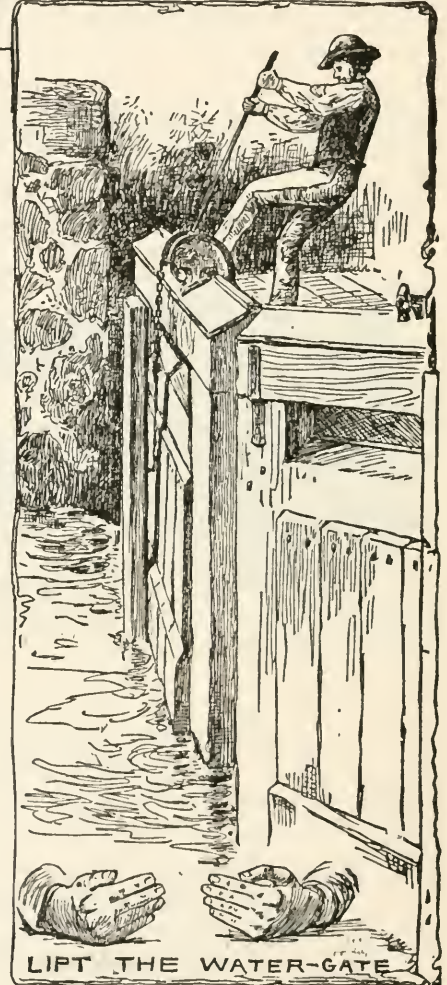
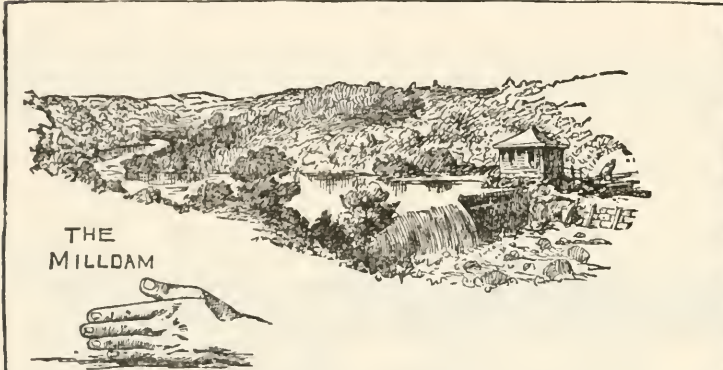
5 And there they lay, until awaked  
By tapping rains that fell,  
Then pushed their green plumes up to greet  
The sun they loved so well.

6 Then flocks and flocks of hungry crows  
Came down the corn to taste;  
But ba-ang! went the farmer's gun,  
And off they flew in haste.

7 Then grew and grew the corn, until,  
When autumn days had come,  
With sickles keen they cut it down,  
And sang the "Harvest Home."



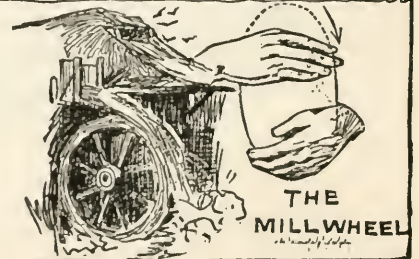
XV. THE MILL.



A merry little river  
 Went singing day by day,  
 Until it reached a mill-dam  
 That stretched across its way.

And there it spread its waters,  
 A quiet pond, to wait  
 Until the busy miller  
 Should lift the water-gate.

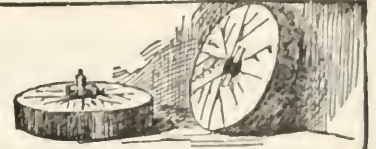
Then, hurrying through the gateway,  
 The dashing waters found  
 A mighty millwheel waiting,  
 And turned it swiftly round.



But faster turned the millstones  
 Up in the dusty mill,  
 And quickly did the miller  
 With corn the hopper fill.

And faster yet and faster  
 The heavy stones went round,  
 Until the golden kernels  
 To golden meal were ground.

“Now fill the empty hopper  
 With *wheat*,” the miller said;  
 “We’ll grind this into flour  
 To make the children’s bread.”



And still, as flowed the water,  
 The mighty wheel went round;  
 And still, as turned the millstones,  
 The corn and grain were ground.

And busy was the miller  
 The livelong day, until  
 The water-gate he fastened,  
 And silent grew the mill.

## THE MILL.

EMILIE POULSSON.

CORNELIA C. ROESKE.

1. A mer - ry lit - tle riv - er Went sing - ing day by day, Un - til it reached a

mill - dam That stretched a - cross its way. And there it spread its wa - ters, A

qui - et pond, to wait Un - til the bu - sy mil - ler Should lift the wa - ter gate.

- 2 Then, hurrying through the gateway,  
The dashing waters found  
A mighty millwheel waiting—  
And turned it swiftly round.  
But faster turned the millstone  
Up in the dusty mill,  
And quickly did the miller  
With corn the hopper fill.
- 3 And faster yet and faster  
The heavy stones went round,  
Until the golden kernels  
To golden meal were ground.

- “Now, fill the empty hopper  
With *wheat*,” the miller said;  
“We’ll grind this into flour  
To make the children’s bread.”
- 4 And still, as flowed the water,  
The mighty wheel went round;  
And still, as turned the millstones,  
The corn and grain were ground.  
And busy was the miller  
The livelong day, until  
The water gate he fastened,  
And silent grew the mill.



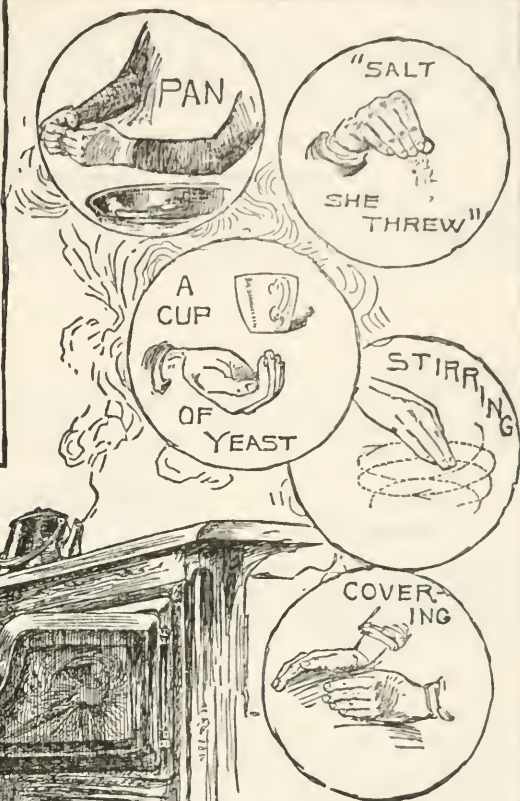
XVI. MAKING BREAD.



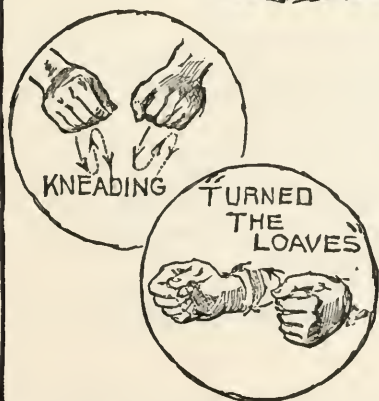
"The farmer and the miller  
 Have worked," the mother said,  
 "And got the flour ready,  
 So I will make the bread."  
 She scooped from out the barrel  
 The flour white as snow,  
 And in her sieve she put it  
 And shook it to and fro.



Then in the pan of flour  
 A little salt she threw;  
 A cup of yeast she added,  
 And poured in water, too.  
 To mix them all together  
 She stirred with busy might,  
 Then covered it and left it  
 Until the bread was light.



More flour than she sifted  
 And kneaded well the dough,  
 And in the waiting oven  
 The loaves of bread did go.  
 The mother watched the baking,  
 And turned the loaves, each one,  
 Until at last, rejoicing,  
 She said, "My bread is done!"



## MAKING BREAD.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.

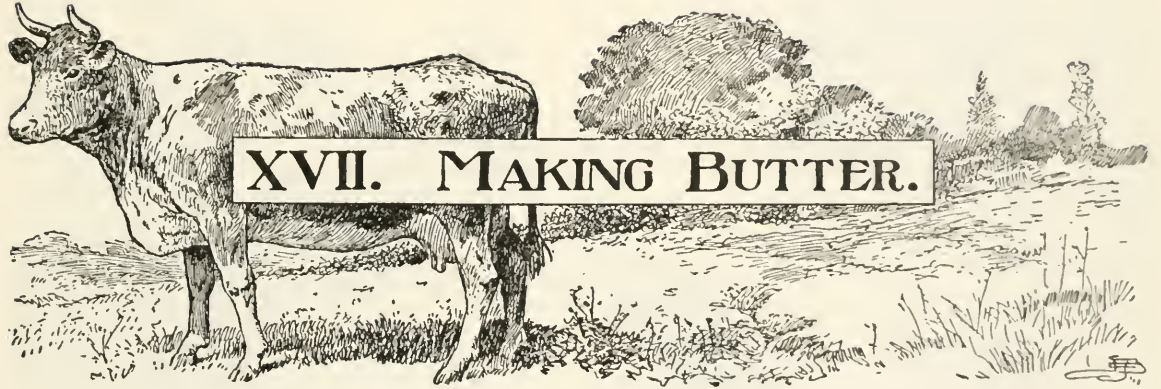
1. "The farm-er and the mil-ler Have work'd,"the mother said, "And got the flo-ur

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flo-ur white as snow, And in her sieve she put it And shook it to and fro.

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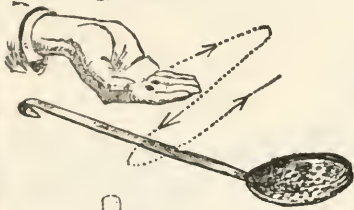
XVII. MAKING BUTTER.



## XVII. MAKING BUTTER.



SKIMMER

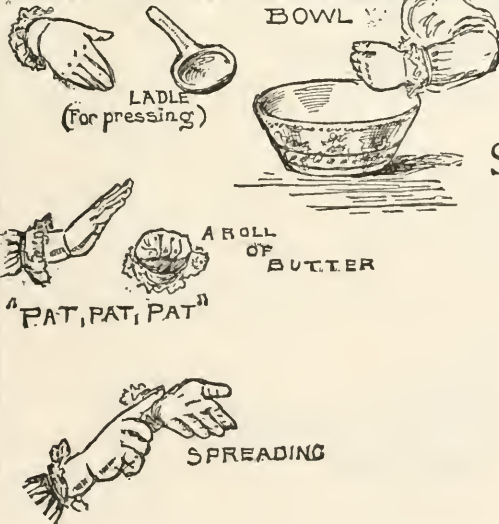


CHURNING

Skim, skim, skim,  
 With the skimmer bright ;  
 Take the rich and yellow cream,  
 Leave the milk so white.

Churn, churn, churn,  
 Now 'tis churning day ;  
 Till the cream to butter turn  
 Dasher must not stay.

Press, press, press;  
 All the milk must be  
 From the golden butter now  
 Pressed out carefully



Pat, pat, pat;  
 Make it smooth and round.  
 See! the roll of butter's done —  
 Won't you buy a pound?

Taste, oh! taste,  
 This is very nice;  
 Spread it on the children's bread,  
 Give them each a slice.

## MAKING BUTTER.

EMILIE POULSSON.

C. C. ROESKE.

1. Skim, skim, skim, With the skim-mer bright;

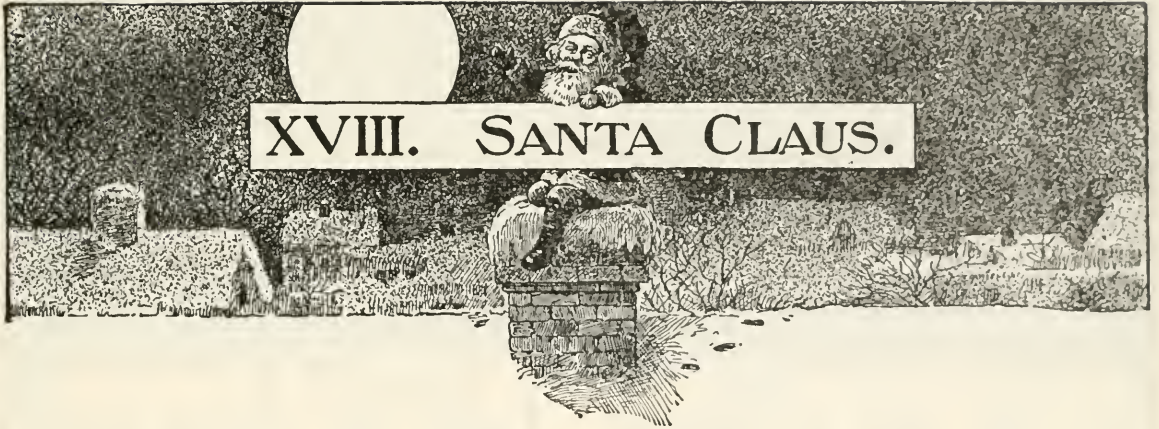
Take the rich and yel-low cream, Leave the milk so white.

2 Churn, churn, churn,  
Now 'tis churning day;  
Till the cream to butter turn  
Dasher must not stay.


3 Press, press, press;  
All the milk must be  
From the golden butter now  
Pressed out carefully.

4 Pat, pat, pat,  
Make it smooth and round.  
See! the roll of butter's done—  
Won't you buy a pound?

5 Taste, oh! taste,  
This is very nice.  
Spread it on the children's bread,  
Give them each a slice.



XVIII. SANTA CLAUS.



## XVIII. SANTA CLAUS.



O, clap, clap the hands,  
 And sing out with glee!  
 For Christmas is coming  
 And merry are we!

PAIR  
 OF REINDEER



IN SECOND AND  
 FOURTH VERSES

CLAPPING



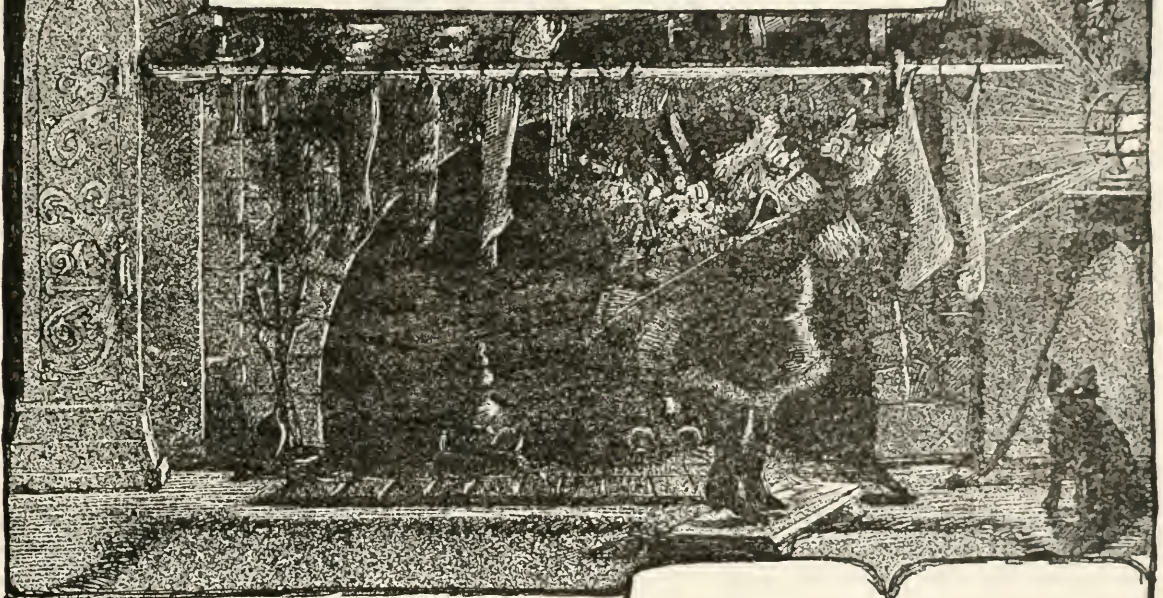
THROUGH THE FIRST  
 AND LAST VERSES



Now swift o'er the snow  
 The tiny reindeer  
 Are trotting and bringing  
 Good Santa Claus near.



Our stockings we'll hang,  
 And while we're asleep  
 Then down through the chimney  
 Will Santa Claus creep



He'll empty his pack,  
 Then up he will come  
 And, calling his reindeer,  
 Will haste away home.



STOCKINGS



SANTA  
 CLAUS

DOWN THE  
 CHIMNEY



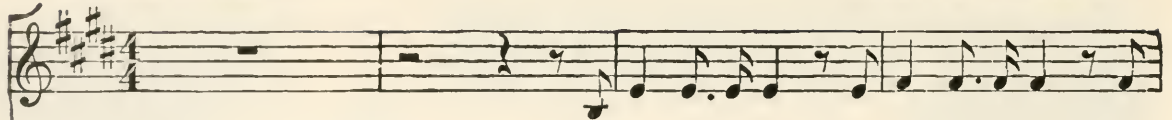
UP HE WILL  
 COME

Then clap, clap the hands!  
 And sing out with glee,  
 For Christmas is coming  
 And merry are we!

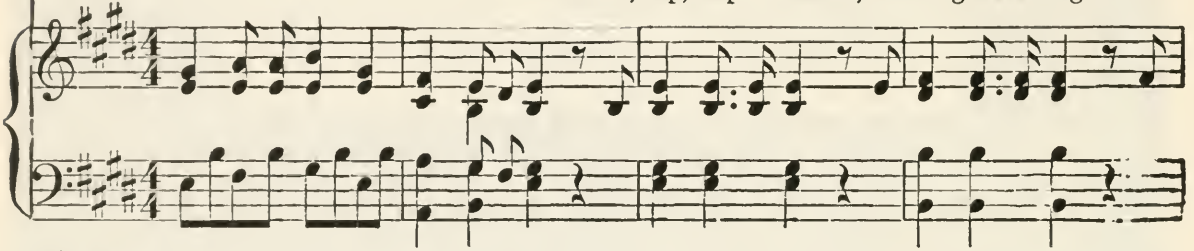
## SANTA CLAUS.

EMILIE POULSSON.

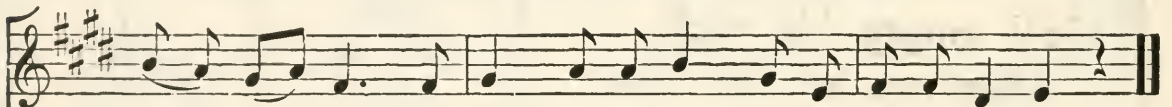
CORNELIA C. ROESKE.



1. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee! For
2. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee! For
3. O, clap, clap the hands, And sing out with glee! For



Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we!      Now swift o'er the snow      The  
 Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we!      Our stock - ings we'll hang,      And  
 Christ - mas is com - ing and mer - ry are we!      He'll emp - ty his pack,      Then



ti - ny rein - deer      Are trot - ting and bring - ing Good San - ta Claus near.  
 while we're a - sleep      Then down thro' the chim - ney Will San - ta Claus creep.  
 up he will come      And, call - ing the rein - deer, Will haste a - way home.









